TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The customs officials of Toronto have been a good deal exercised of late over the importation of "improper" literature into this country, and more especially into this city. It is alleged that translations of certain French novels of an exceedingly questionable character have been brought in by some of the dealers, and that they have met with a large and remunerative sale. There is also said to be a growing demand for Erotika Biblon generally—*i.e.*, books many of which have long since become classics, but the moral tone of which is decidedly lax, and not in accordance with modern ideas as to the eternal fitness of things. The dissemination of such literature, it is claimed, must inevitably result in a lowering of the standards of public morality. It therefore becomes a proper subject for the interference of the guardians of those standards. The examples of Imperial Rome and the Second Empire in modern France would seem to lend color to these assumptions. Peremptory orders, it appears, have been received from headquarters at Ottawa that a stop is to be put to the traffic in this objectionable class of merchandise, and the officials are doing what in them lies to carry out their instructions.

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The task imposed on these officials is one not easy of performance. As a rule, they are not "book-sharps." In other words, they are not, nor can they reasonably be expected to be, learned bibliographers, nor can the preparation of an Index Expurgatorius be safely entrusted to their hands. It is difficult to say, indeed, to whom the drawing-up of such a document could be safely deputed. The precise spot where the line should be drawn is a problem not easy of solution, even by the profoundest of bibliophiles. Shall it be drawn at Rabelais and Balzac's Contes Drolatiques? Shall it be drawn at Shakespeare and the old dramatists? at Fielding and Smollett? at Burton's unexpurgated edition of the Arabian Nights? at Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, or The Roaring Girl of the Victorian Age generally? On such questions as these, probably no two authorities would exactly agree.

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Certainly nothing fouler or more repulsive can be found in the whole realms of literature than may be seen by anyone who chooses to dip into the pages of Rabelais. This author literally reeks with filth, and filth of the nastiest description. As much, or nearly as much, may be said of the Contes—of the Decameron of Boccacio—of Queen Margaret's Heptameron—of three-fourths of the literary products of mediæval Europe. In most of these authors the grossness is relieved by more or less frequent exhibitions of superabundant genius, but "the tendencies of the age" are there, all the same, and are constantly thrusting themselves forward with a persistence which it would be the merest folly to affect to ignore. The old English dramatists are somewhat better, but no exhaustive study of their works is necessary to enable the reader to perceive that they, too, are "of the earth, earthy." Even Shakespeare and Ben Jonson contain numerous passages which no fairly decent man would dare to read aloud, even if he felt tolerably sure that nobody was listening. Are we, then, to relegate Gentle Will and Rare Ben to the lumber-room or the paper-mill? Because Pericles and Volpone contain things not fit to be named in polite society, are we to have no more of the Midsummer Night's Dream and Every Man in His Humor?

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As regards Fielding and Smollett, the editions commonly to be found in the bookstores have the most objectionable passages eliminated from their pages; but even these partially Bowdlerized editions are hardly books for the modern drawing-room. Moreover, there is a well-grounded prejudice in many minds against the Bowdlerizing process, and unexpurgated editions are to be had easily enough by anyone who wants them. With respect to Burton, again, the complete edition of his Thousand-and-One Nights is only to be had in the form of a costly *edition de luxe*, and is not likely to fall into the hands of those whose morals the censors of literature are specially anxious to guard. As for Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, Annie Edwardes, and the rest of the voluptuous sisterhood, their most reprehensible achievements are confined to a comparatively small number of their works.

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With regard to all these books, there is room for wide diversity of opinion. There are many worthy people who would gladly see the whole lot consigned to one huge bonfire. There are others who study and love them—or, at any rate, some of them—without any consequent pollution to their souls. True modesty is not necessarily a prude. In fact, she is not generally given to prudishness at all. A man may hug Shakespeare and Fielding closely to his heart, and yet keep his thoughts clean and pure. But with regard to the class of literature against which the efforts of the authorities are chiefly directed at the present time—the modern French novels of the so-called realistic school—there can surely be no doubt in the mind of any man of calm judgment. They are brutal and foul to the lowest depths of foulness. They are produced by persons of genuine literary power, but whose thoughts dwell in an atmosphere loathsome as that of the Cities of the Plain. Nobody who indulges in a long course of such reading need expect to keep his mind pure and unvitiated. He might as well hope to permanently breathe pestilential air without injury to his physical well being. It may be doubted, indeed, whether such pitch can even be touched without more or less of personal defilement.

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One of the ablest and most dangerous of these modern French novelists is Alphonse Daudet, whose masterpiece—Sappho—is dedicated to his sons, "when they are twenty years of age." The literary capacity displayed in the pages of this book is scarcely surpassed by any novelist of these times; but how any father of a family could write such a story is one of those puzzles which nobody but a modern Frenchman could explain. The greatest offender of all, however, is Emile Zola—the creator of the terrible Nana and her long roll of successors. It might not unreasonably have been supposed that he had touched low-water-mark in his Germinal, in his Piping Hot, and The Rush for the Spoil. But there was a lower depth still to be attained, and he has reached it in his latest production, which has been the direct cause of the action of the powers at Ottawa.

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This book is entitled La Terre—in plain English, The Soil. There are at least three English translations of it. The one most frequently seen in this country was published some months since by the Petersons, of Philadelphia, and is to be had almost everywhere. The evil reputation of the work has led to a large sale of this edition, which, however, no more represents the original than a toy firecracker represents a Gatling gun. The Petersons did not dare to reprint the complete book, or indeed anything like the whole of it. Messrs. Laird & Lee of Chicago have recently issued an edition with a little of the original filth in it, but even this gives no idea of the immeasurable depths of depravity to which the author has descended in this, his latest effort. The only literal translation is published by Vizetelly & Co., of London, England. It seems astounding that an English publisher should dare to produce such a work as this in the vernacular, but here it is, with all the reeking odours of the foul original. The only modification in it is the omission of the blasphemous *nom de plume* of one of the characters. It is satisfactory to know that this edition is not to be bought in Canada. A few copies of it were imported by a local bookseller, who no sooner learned the character of the book from personal examination then he withdrew it from sale.

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The government will be upheld by public opinion in its determination to suppress the sale of these latest products of the French "realistic" school. Such books gangrene the very hearts of their producers, and, in a less degree, the hearts of those who read them. It is safe to predict that unless a change comes over the tastes of the reading world of France, the end of the French nation is not far off. No society can long hold together if it persists in throwing off the best safeguards of human civilization.

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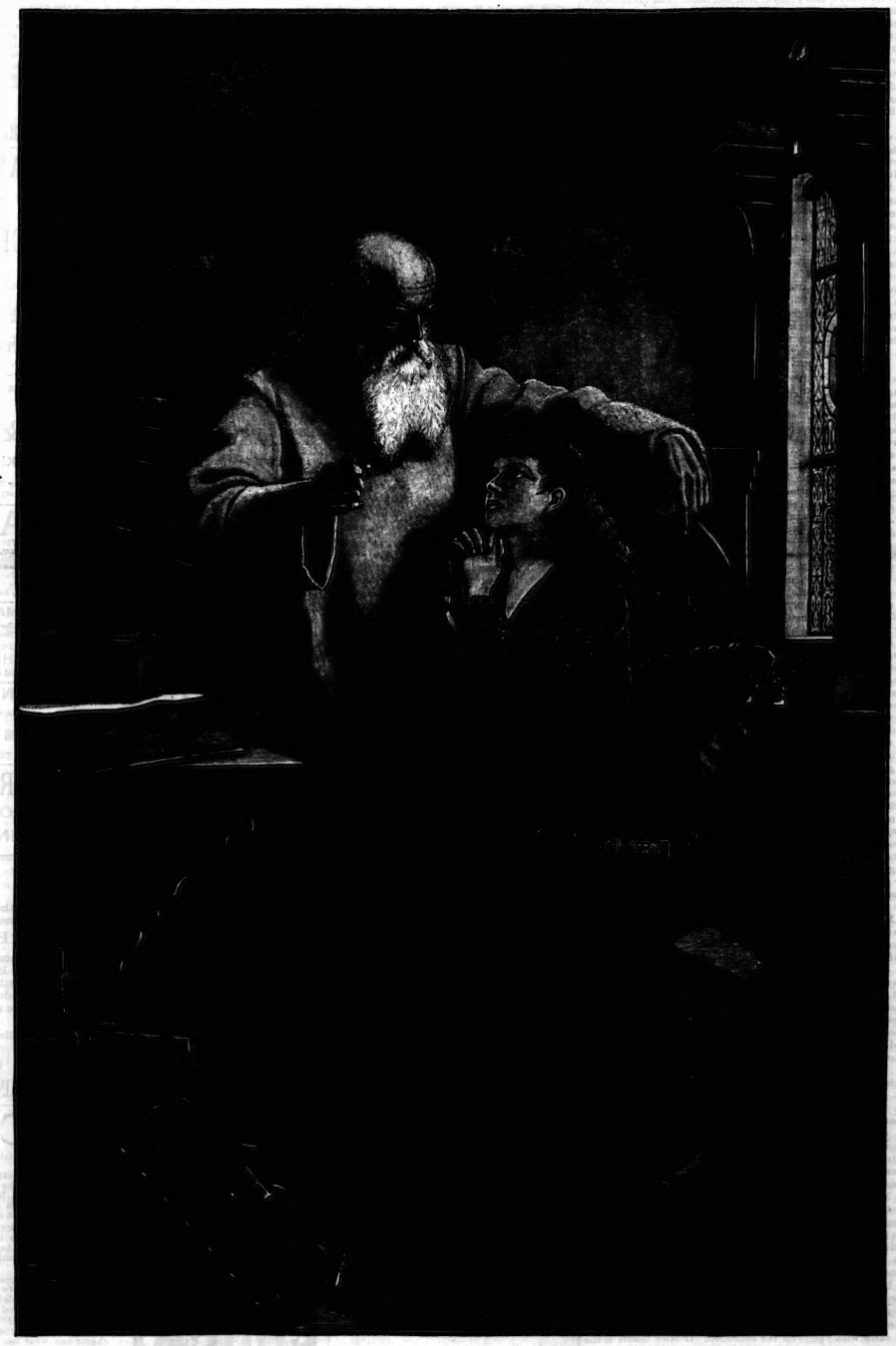
And, by the way, how is it that the directors of the Toronto Public Library do not exercise a wiser supervision in this matter of pestilential literature? The works of Fielding, Smollett and other English classics are rigidly excluded from its shelves, upon the ground that they are hurtful to the public morals. Now, as has been said above, there may be room for difference of opinion as to the propriety of circulating Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews and Roderick Random, though most educated people will consider that to prohibit them is to display a very restricted and narrow intelligence. But there should at least be some sort of consistency. The Public Library which refuses to place these works on its shelves, makes no scruple at circulating some of the very vilest products of the fleshy school of French fiction. For instance the French edition of Mademoiselle de Maupin, the masterpiece of Theophile Gautier, is to be had by any boy or girl who chooses to apply for it. This marvellous exhibition of inconsistency is doubtless owing to the fact that those in charge of the library are unacquainted with the French language. But this excuse is by no means sufficient. Every man who makes a profession of being well acquainted with books ought to know the character of the novel referred to. It has had a world-wide reputation for more than half a century. It is perhaps the foulest and most pernicious book ever written by a leprous French novelist. The copy in the library is complete and unabridged. It abounds with passages which are simply hideous by reason of their brutal lust, and their disregard of all that is decent. The public have no right to be taxed to supply such reading as this to the young men and maidens of Toronto. Such books should be promptly withdrawn from circulation, and the library committee should exercise a more rigid scrutiny over future acquisitions.



JULIET AND FRIAR LAWRENCE.

The Art Fair came to a successful end last Thursday when what remained to be sold was auctioned off by Mr. E. C. Rutherford, a charitable and worthy amateur. The programme in the earlier part of the evening was made up of a concert by Miss Tootie Heward and the Misses Edith and Connie Jarvis, who sang and acted in costume The Three Little Maids from School. This was very well done and was encored. A solo, Mistress Prue, by Miss Edie Jarvis, was followed by the Minuet, which brought to a close the stage performances of the fair.

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The calico ball on Friday night, given for the same object as the fair, was not the splendid success financially that it was expected and desired to be. Only about thirty-five couples attended, which were just enough to animate the pretty scene which the committee had prepared without overcrowding. The rink had been left with all the scenery and booths up as it had been arranged during fair time, which was a novel and pretty decoration for a ballroom, as well as a delightfully comfortable one, for there were thus provided many nooks and corners, cool and sequestered, for tired dancers. Never before has a prettier sight been witnessed in Toronto. The floor in this case was quite perfect. Not even was one objection heard against it; nothing but praise, and the highest praise for the committee.

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The music furnished by Corlett's orchestra, with some additions, was in keeping with the floor, and every where was the remark heard, that never had we better music in Toronto, even in poor old Seager's time. The band was stationed on the stage, amongst pretty woodland scenery, making a charming effect from the opposite end of the rink and quite idealizing its members. Light refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cakes, ices, etc., furnished by Harry Webb, were to be had during the whole evening in the picture gallery, no regular supper being prepared.

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The costumes? Ah, but first of all let us inquire what is meant by a calico ball. A calico ball means really a fancy dress ball in Toronto, which, translated, is a go-as-you-please ball. If you have not got an evening outfit, wear what you have got, if it is only your island attire of flannels, only be sure to make yourself up extravagantly: look *outre* even if it is only by means of a rouge pot and dark pencils—otherwise you will not be judged fancifully dressed. A number of those present just wore ordinary evening attire, while others were in the costumes made for their various parts in the Fair, and a few in something different. Of these Mr. Michie was the best as Ko-ko. His face was darkened almost beyond recognition, while black lines across the forehead, a calico Japanese gown with hanging sleeves and meagre skirt, did the rest for him. A very handsome man impersonated Mr. George Belford, the reciter, the representation being faultless even to the eye glass, *blase* manner, and far-away look in the eyes. In fact the only cause to doubt his identity with the original was that he appeared to know nobody, and after loitering in all the corners of the rink retired rather early, evidently in a bad humor with Toronto society, or that portion of it that attended the calico ball, for not recognizing his get up. Mr. Albert Nordheimer brought his sister-in-law, Miss Vankoughnet, the latter in a black velvet gown with white lace, the one worn in the minuet. Mr. O'Brien was characteristically attired in black velvet coat with a lace fall over the vest in front of fine old lace, and looked every inch an artist. Several men were noticed in fancy vests with ordinary swallow tail coats. Miss May Todd was White Rose in a short frock of white satin, watteau fall, powdered hair and white satin hat. The whole costume was trimmed with white roses. Mr. Chadwick was a Gladiator, and a good looking one at that, in white draperies and tights. Miss McFarlane and several others wore the handsome and much admired Russian costume with fur-lined cape and cap, that was first seen at the Kermiss. Mrs. Henry Duggan looked remarkably well in an ivory satin trained gown. She wore her hair powdered, with the simple but becoming adornment of a pink rose arranged in it. Mr. Stuart Morrison was universally admired for his youthful, girlish appearance, although he was intended to impersonate one of the heroic and manly courtiers of the sixteenth century. Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie dispensed his duties as secretary in the costume of a French cook, a fresh and clean outfit of white linen with knickerbockers. Among those in ordinary ball costume Miss Yarker looked airily graceful in pink tulle. Mrs. McMahon wore a remarkably handsome trained gown of yellow satin with yellow and white brocaded front and bodice. Miss Howden was admired in heliotrope gauze. Miss Gildersleeve of Kingston in white satin and black lace. Miss Maud Rutherford in white. Mrs. Willie Baines in black velvet. Mrs. George Crawford in a pale pink silk en train. Miss Mabel Heward in white tulle, spangled with crystal beads, striped satin bodice and slippers. Miss Grace Boulton, pale blue silk. Miss Laidlaw in a short white watered silk and natural flowers. Miss Robinson in brown crepe and jet. Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Skae and Miss Rutherford were gowned in their respective fair costumes worn in the candy booth. Mrs. Charles Murray came in black lace with blue ribbons. Her sister, Miss Grand, looked very pretty in a simple pink frock. Also Miss Lightbourne, who was attired in the same way. Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Armour, Miss M. Spratt and Miss Bunting wore their Kate Greenaway frocks. Miss Audrene Todd was a figure in Dresden. Mrs. Bunting was in black velvet and jet. Miss Hill and Miss Murray of Ye Old Booke Shoppe came in Portia's garb. Messrs. Powell Roberts, Thomas and Hollyer were dressed in their minuet costumes. Others there were Mr. Harry Gamble, Messrs. Tisdale, Heward, Ross, Percy Rutherford, Edin Heward, Audrey Hoskins, Mayne Campbell, Lightbourne, Robertson, Montagu Allan of Montreal, Frank McLean, Stanley Clarke, Captains McDougall and Sears, Herman Boulton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Catto, Mr. and Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Mr. H. E. Duggan, Mr. Fox, Mr. W. P. Newton, Mr. Hotsteitor, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Amy Gimson, Mr. Brock, Mr. Capreol, Mrs. A. B. Lee, Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, Mrs. Henry Fuller, Mr. Elliott, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. Ben Cronyn, Mrs. Morrison. The programmes were a quaint novelty, having opposite the "list of ye dances," a space with the words, "ye trystinge place."

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'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true.

Financially the art fair fancy dress and calico ball was not a success. For some reason or other it did not take, and all sorts of people whom I certainly expected to see there stayed away. Possibly people had had a surfeit of the fair, and were tired of making their way to that rather out of the way place, the Granite Rink; but I believe that the real reason was that the low price put on the tickets and the general advertisement of the affair made people think that the cards of admission would be sold too indiscriminately, and that undesirable guests might obtain an entree, for, although Mrs. Fitz-Browne did not mind whom she elbowed or whom she even besought to buy her wares at the fair; yet, when it becomes a question of a ball, she is very much more particular, or, at all events, she pretends to be so. I take it to be a pretence rather than a real objection, and the following are my reasons: It cannot be that Mrs. Fitz-Browne has any real objection to go to assemblies which are what she calls "mixed," that is which include other people besides her own particular set, because if it were so she would absent herself from all public balls and from many of the larger dances at private houses. I go further than this and say that as far as I can see, her objection to elbowing people who are unquestionably of the undesirable kind, is not so deeply-rooted as to cause her to stay away from one at any rate of the best known of Toronto public balls. Time and again have I seen the lady in question and her peers in the same room with persons the mere mention of whom would no doubt horrify her. However, to return to the present occasion, notwithstanding the absence of Mrs. Fitz-Browne and many of her kind, it is satisfactory to learn that in spite of the paucity of the number of subscribers, the honorary secretary, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, by strict care and sensible economy, has been able to produce a balance sheet, which though it does not show a large surplus, yet adds a small sum to the general receipts of the Fair. One also cannot help feeling a sort of satisfaction at hearing that many ladies and gentlemen, too, who stayed away, are now repenting the course they took, and regretting that they neglected what was probably the last dance of the spring season.

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The profit realized by the Art Fair does not largely exceed the sum of $1,000. The heavy expenses of over $3,000 and the want of proper advertising, must account for this.

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On Monday, envelopes of a larger size than those which the post generally brings, decorated many a breakfast table, and many people read with pleasure that the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell were At Home to them on June 6th, from four to seven, for tennis and dancing. This will necessitate a choice of costumes. One cannot dance in shoes with rubber soles, nor can one play tennis in leather boots or shoes, especially if one be a lady and wears one's heels fashionably high. A tennis dress of flannel, or the bewitching summer costume which we have procured for state occasions—flannel trowsers and flannel coat, or black coat and top hat—which shall it be? *Nous verrons.*

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Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have issued cards to their friends bidding them to tennis and tea on each Thursday throughout the summer. There is room on the ample lawns of the Grange for at least three lawn-tennis courts. The turf is of the best, and the beauties of the old grounds and house are almost without a peer. Although many people do leave town in the summer there are always a good many left, and to these Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith's invitation will be a great boon.

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And, indeed, if some of those who always fly away for June, July and August, often to find that the drawbacks of sea-sickness, or an uncomfortable crowded hotel, or mosquitoes, or some other plague, mars the pleasure of their absence, if some of these were for once to try a summer at home, I am inclined to think they would not regret it. Many strangers come to Toronto in the summer months and find it a charming place, and so it is. It is rarely so hot here as to be uncomfortable, while, of all summer sports and amusements, there is abundance and a great variety. Those who care for cricket, either to play it themselves, or merely to watch it, can find it here perhaps better than at any place on the continent. If lawn tennis is the hobby, surely enough is to be had in Toronto. Lovers of the water can get yachting and boating of the safest and best, while countless steamers run to all sorts of attractive places. There are dances at the Island, very different from the ordinary dance, but pleasant in their way, and there are garden parties in town. Other amusements require only development and patronage. Picnics to the Humber, for instance, require developing. By train or on wheels to the mouth, a lazy row for a mile or so up that pretty stream, and what a choice of spots on either bank for a charming *al fresco* meal. Back in the cool of the twilight or even the moonlight, such a programme is always delightful, and all that is wanted is its more frequent repetition.

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Among those who came to town for the races on the Queen's Birthday were Mr. Colin Campbell and his brothers-in-law, the Messrs. Andrew and Montagu Allan of Montreal, Mr. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, Mr. Kuyvett from St. Catharines and others. Mr. A. O. Hoyles arrived at the Queens on Friday of last week.

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Mr. R. Hoyles, who was recalled to Halifax owing to the sudden death of his father the late chief justice of Newfoundland, is again in town, but leaves shortly to travel in the States.

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The death of Mr. Herbert Mason is a sad event to have to record in our columns. Only twenty-six years of age, and with all the promise of a prosperous and happy life, to be cut off so suddenly, is very sad. His father, on the first news of his dangerous condition, left immediately, arriving only just in time to be present at his son's death-bed.

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Capt. Rivers of Kingston spent the Queen's Birthday with his fiancee, Miss Maud Gildersleeve of Kingston, who is staying in Toronto for a short time. They will be married at the end of next month.

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Through a mistake, we are sorry to confess, the praise due to the gypsy strolling players was left unsung last week. They appeared on Friday night of the Fair, and delighted the surprised audience by their sweet singing, accompanied by their tambourines, etc. Among these were the Misses Hillary, Watson, Lash, Stork, Eddis, Minnie and Kate Elwell and Patrick.

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Mrs. Charles Lindsey will take her daughter, Mrs. Leigh, who has not fully recovered from the attack of typhoid from which she has been suffering since early in January, to spend the summer on the continent. They sail by the Etruria on June 9 from New York.

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Miss Hugel and Miss Eudie Hugel of Port Hope are staying in the city, the former at Glenedyth, the guest of Mrs. Sam Nordheimer, and the latter with Mrs. Torrance, College avenue.

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Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem of the Homewood will leave at the end of June for a summer's sojourn abroad, in England and on the continent.

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Invitations have been sent out by the secretary of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, Mr. Harry Hayes, for the opening of the club's Front street grounds for the season. Those few lucky ones who are invited will, no doubt, enjoy this and the subsequent Monday meets, at which the far-famed delicious tea and cake is served.

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Friends of Mr. Hillie Bloodgood of New York will be delighted to hear of the near approach of his marriage with a beautiful American, Miss Julia Casey of Washington, D. C. The ceremony takes place in New York on June 26th, and many Torontonians will leave to be present at it. The honeymoon will be spent by the happy couple on Mr. Bloodgood's yacht Huron.

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Just one more word with regard to the Art Fair. The song Robin Adair, by Madame de Chadenedes, with a vocal accompaniment by the rest of the gypsies, was especially fetching and received a well deserved applause. All the choruses were well trained, and the highest praise was showered on the trainer, Miss Hillary, who, it is understood, would have been better pleased herself with them had she been allowed more time in which to prepare. Notwithstanding this, they were among the chief attractions at the fair. The costumes was in nearly every instance correct, and what is unusual, pleasing to the eye. In truth the only fault that could be found with their appearance was the presence of one or two "fair" gypsies. Are there such things? However, the dark ones were so strong in numbers and presented such a fine and correct appearance that the effect was equally balanced and excusable, as these fair ones were required for their voices. One gypsy in particular was noticed with her face darkened to an exact gypsy hue, which made her quite remarkable.

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The marriage of Miss Vankoughnet and Mr. Wolferston Thomas will be celebrated in St. George's Church on Wednesday, 21st June at 3 p. m.

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The Ladies Night at the Athenæum last Saturday evening was a most successful affair. The large recreation room was crowded with members and their lady friends, about 250 being present, among whom were noticed the Misses Buchan, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. J. P. Edwards, Miss Hallworth, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Arthur Pearson, Miss Kate Jordan, Misses Barnhart, Mrs. G. Kent, Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Miss Ardagh, Miss Meredith, Miss Peacock, Mrs. Blogg, Mrs. Davy, Miss May Bowden, Miss E. Stewart, Mrs. Myers, Miss E. Hill.

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The rooms were decorated with flags and bunting, presenting a very gay appearance. The event of the evening was the presentation of medals won at the annual tournament. The successful ones were Messrs. Edwards, McIntyre, Martin, Crozier, Ketchum, Thornton, Brown, Hall, Scott, Morrison, Loewin, Hill, Davison, Strathy. The prizes consisted of eight fine gold medals, silver plate, etc. The presentation was made by Capt. James Mason, the hon. President, addresses being made by Mr. Chas. Pearson and Mr. Wm. Boultbee.

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The Liberian order of Knight Commander of the Redemption of Africa has been conferred on the Liberian Consul General here, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson. Mr. Thompson is entitled to the prefix of Honorable.

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99 cents is the figure that Danford Roche & Co. are selling Morton's Moresque best quality Brussels carpet, regular price of which is $1.35. Also Wiltons, $1.10, worth $1.50; Axminsters, $1.65, worth $2.25. They are giving up the carpet department.

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The Brotherhoods.

Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

MASONIC.

The Grand Lodge of Canada meets in this city next month.

The Masons of Peterboro and Midland District visit Toronto on the 7th inst.

The London *Free Press* of the 26th ult. says: "It appears to be taken for granted that R. W. Bros. R. T. Walkem of Kingston and J. Ross Robertson of Toronto will succeed to the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Masterships. Indeed, the Masonic records and abilities of both are so well known and appreciated as to be 'household words,' and few, if one, will care to enter the lists against either gentleman."

The Hamilton Knights Templar intend to visit Washington next year.

D. D. G. M. E. T. Malone of Toronto has visited every Lodge in the Eleventh District, and reports the craft in a prosperous condition.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS.

The law suit instituted by the Grand Lodge of Ontario against Wellington Square Lodge, Burlington, resulted in the recovery of the funds of the defunct lodge, amounting to over $2,000.

The Oddfellows' brass band of Parry Sound turned out in their new uniform for the first time last Saturday night. The boys look well in their attractive unform, and, considering the short time they have been organized, play very well.

The largest encampment in the world is Easter Star, No. 2, of Portland, Maine. It has 520 members.

The Grand Patriarch of Ohio congratulates the order on an increase of 770 last year.

The new Oddfellows' hall at Saunemin, Ill., is about completed, and will soon be ready for dedication.

The Rebekah Degree Lodges are actively at work in the various jurisdictions regarding the question of self-government, claiming that as a rule few of the members of the Sovereign Grand Lodge take any direct interest in their behalf. They say that years ago it did not matter, but now with a membership of nearly 100,000 it demands more than merely passing notice.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA.

The Chapter General of America meets in Wilmington, Del., next September. The two local encampments will be represented by delegates.

Grand Prior Ewing is arranging for the opening of a new encampment in the east end.

P. G. C. Land of New York is at work on a history of the Order.

THE ORANGE ORDER.

The Triennial Council of Orangemen meets in Carrickfergus, Ireland, in August. Ontario will be represented by Grand Masters Clarke Wallace, M. P., Fitzgerald and Collins.

The coming 12th of July will be generally observed throughout the Dominion. Resolutions referring to the 200th anniversary of the "glorious revolution of 1688," and other matters affecting the Order, will be submitted at the monster gatherings that are to be held at central points in the various provinces.

The Orange Order is the strongest numerically of the secret societies in Canada.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

The Ottawa brethren held their anniversary for 1888 last Sunday. Lodges Derby, Bewood, Stanley and Russell marched in procession to St. George's Church, where a sermon was preached by the rector, Rev. P. Owen Jones.

The Toronto brethren rallied in great numbers on Trinity Sunday for the purpose of marching in procession to St. James' Cathedral from Shaftesbury Hall. Long before the time for departure the whole of James street was dotted over with the members of different city lodges. Just before starting the officers and leading members of St. George's Society took up position in the line of march, which, under way, stretched from one end of the route to the other. And it was a pleasant and a goodly sight to see that array of English manhood—toilers, for the most part, but honest and Saxon withal—and interesting to gaze on that sea of faces seated within the nave and aisles of St. James', and picture the different scenes in the old land, which have still a charm for the toil-worn sons of Albion in this western land. The Scottish Marches and the debatable land, the hills and dales of stout old Yorkshire, the pleasant pastoral scenery of the Midlands, the channel-washed shores of the southern counties, and the historic lines of the old Welsh Marches, had each and all their representatives in that gathering of Englishmen. Prayers were said by Rev. E. F. Sotley. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. H. Clarke, who said, amongst other things, that the society during the past year alone had paid out ten thousand dollars for sick and funeral expenses. The number of lodges is sixty-seven, out of which Toronto has seventeen.

Amongst the past officers in the procession were Grand President Dr. Pollard, Grand Secretary J. W. Carter, Grand Treasurer B. Hinchliffe, Past Grand Presidents R. Caddick, S. Kippon, J. H. Venables and S. F. Carrette. St. George's Society sent Prof. Goldwin Smith, J. E. Pell, James Spooner, J. E. Stockwell, D. Plews, Charles Spanner, Barlow Cumberland, George Vertue and H. Pierce. The collection amounted to $120.

Peterboro' Lodge also held their annual service last Sunday, but particulars are not to hand as we go to press.

SCOTCH SOCIETIES.

The Gaelic Society of Toronto ranks second among the Scotch societies in the city, numerically. The Sons of Scotland society stands first with a membership close on a thousand. The Gaelic Society numbers about four hundred. The oldest Scotch society in Toronto is St. Andrew's whose objects are purely benevolent. Next, in point of age, follows the Caledonian, whose managers provide an excellent concert, and, *Jupiter Pluvius* being generally propitious, a well-planned and delightful excursion, yearly, for clans and kinsmen. But the *Perfervidum Scotorum* seems to be fed chiefly by the two first named societies whose fortnightly meetings partake of the character of entertainments. To witness the effect of the Great Highland Bagpipes and Highland dances on the children of the Gael one must attend the meetings of the Gaelic Society where the members revel in memories of Auld Lang Syne, recalled by the stately pibroch or the sprightly strathspey. One of those ceilidhs was held on Tuesday evening last in Richmond Hall, when brither Scots were made welcome. There is also an Orkney and Shetland Association looking after the interests of Runic Art curiosities and other relics and one is in embryo for the ancient shire of Caithness.

A. O. U. W.

This great fraternal and benevolent society has met with unprecedented success since its inception, some twenty years ago. Starting with what some call an inauspicious number, thirteen, it has now a membership of over 200,000 in good standing.

Our Supreme Lodge is to hold its next session at Louisville, Kentucky, and our Supreme Master Workman, the Hon. W. H. Jordan, is on his way thither. So great a love for the order, and so great a desire to see it progress successfully, has our Supreme Master Workman, that he has, at no inconsiderable loss to himself, undertaken to visit nearly all the Grand Jurisdictions prior to the meeting of the Supreme Lodge.

In every grand jurisdiction that he has visited he has been well received and hospitably entertained, and while he has left influences that will be felt he has carried away grand and sublime impressions of the country, communities and the progress of the order.

His visit to the grand jurisdiction of Ontario and the hearty and enthusiastic reception accorded him by the brethren here will no doubt leave a lasting effect. Though our Canadian climate may differ widely from that of his sunny Californian home, yet the hearts of the Workmen here beat as enthusiastically and are as warm as those of his own State.

An illuminated address was presented as a souvenir, and signed by the following committee: W. E. James, Capital Lodge, No. 50; S. B. McMullen, Toronto Lodge, No. 51; D. C. Forbes, Excelsior Lodge, No. 52; C. G. Barnes, Granite Lodge, No. 53; T. C. Irving, York Lodge, No. 57; W. Wyndow, Crystal Lodge, No. 113; C. S. Chalk, Parkdale Lodge, No. 159; J. B. Smith, Queen City Lodge, No. 225; J. R. Dunn, Avenue Lodge, No. 241; Thos. Morley, Trinity Lodge, No. 278; P. McLaughlan, Farnham Lodge, No. 286; F. G. Inwood, P. D. G. M. W.; Thomas Bell, P. D. D. G. M. W.; Geo. W. Badgerow, P. S. M. W.; J. B. Miller, P. G. M. W.; Wilbur Grant, P. W. M., secretary; F. W. Unitt, D. D. G. M. W., chairman.

ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

The April report shows fourteen new councils, six new select degrees and 1,500 members added to the Order in Canada in that month, and nearly 5,000 in all since the 1st of January.

The Toronto councils propose celebrating the decennial year of Pioneer Council No. 1, and of Royal Templarism in Canada by a grand excursion to the Canadian Chautauqua on the 16th of August. The Supreme Command Knights Templar of Temperance will hold the annual review at the same time and place. The Toronto councils also propose getting up a big city demonstration in October, the character of which has not been decided.

The order promises to take an active interest in the National Prohibition Convention at Montreal on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of July. The Dominion Board of Directors have decided to attend. The grand council executive of Ontario will also likely be present, and Clarmont, Wellington and York command of knights are expected to turn out in full uniform. Cheap excursion are being arranged, and altogether a big time is expected. The Montreal members are making complete arrangements to give their visitors a hearty welcome.

The Emeral Duet instituted a new council in Montreal on the 25th of April, with 132 charter members initiated and many more proposed. Over 350 members were added to the order in Montreal as the result of the labor of this team of royal revival workers.

The royal revival teams are kept hard at work and extending their field of operations. Already Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba have been visited by them, and now the rescue duet is *en route* for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island to inaugurate the same system in these provinces.

THE ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS.

Jubilee Council, No. 40, of this order, will give its anniversary concert in the parlor of Shaftesbury Hall, at 7.45 p.m., on the evening of Thursday, June 7. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis street Baptist Church, Dr. Lennox and Supreme Chancellor Jas. Gowanlock. A varied and interesting programme will be provided and a pleasant evening will no doubt be well and profitably spent by the friends of the Order of Chosen Friends.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

SATURDAY NIGHT is in receipt of the last annual report of Court Hope, No. 5604, of this order. It needs but a single glance to show that this Court has, after years of persistent effort, long ago reached a position of assured success. Since its inception, early in the '70s, Court Hope has steadily gone ahead, and its members point with pride to its record in the past and its prospects in the future. The balance sheet at the close of 1887 shows the wealth of the Court to be $8,099.80. Whilst strictly conservative in its treatment of the funds of the society, this Court has latterly shown a commendably progressive spirit, and is in the hands of responsible men, who have the best interests of the order at heart.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Great interest is manifested in R. A. circles relative to the approaching session of the Supreme Council of the Order to be held in Toronto on Tuesday, June 5, and lasting about one week. This Order has now a membership of between 82,000 and 83,000, included in 1090 Councils, and these Councils have formed 16 Grand Councils.

The Supreme Council is composed of representatives from Grand Councils and it is expected that over 50 representatives will be present at the coming session. They will put up at the Rossin House. The order in Toronto numbers over 700. The largest Council in Toronto, and in fact in Ontario, is Canada Council, No. 612, which has a membership of 267, made up of many of our leading citizens. In reference to the meeting above referred to, committees have been appointed by the City Council to tender a hearty reception to the distinguished visitors, and to make, outside of the transaction of business, their visit as pleasant as possible. At the special desire of those to be entertained, the reception will not be as extensive as that in Boston last year, which occupied very much time and great expense; but on that occasion it was excusable, being the decennial anniversary, and Boston being the birthplace of the order. It is intended, on Wednesday evening, June, 6, to tender a reception to the brethren, at the Pavilion, where his worship, the Mayor, will extend to them a welcome. The Citizens' Band has been engaged for that evening, and complimentary tickets will be issued to members and their friends. The Pavilion will no doubt be crowded. For Thursday, at 3 p. m., the steamer Chicora has been chartered for a five or six hours' sail on the lake. Refreshments and music will be features of the trip, to which the members of the order and their ladies will be invited. The party will be limited to about five hundred.

Saturday afternoon the committee will take the supreme officers for a carriage drive around the city. Several of the visitors will be accompanied by their wives.

The coming session of the Supreme Council will be the first held in Canada, and will no doubt be pleasantly remembered.

The steady yet conservative progress of the Royal Arcanum has won the respect and admiration of men of all classes.

In connection with the visit of the Supreme Council to this city next week, Maple Leaf Council, No. 867, will hold its regular session on Tuesday evening, 5th inst., in their handsome council rooms in Y. M. C. A. Building at 8 o'clock sharp. They have sent an invitation to the members of the Supreme Council to visit them, and several brethren have signified their intention of being present. Orator Doherty is preparing a special programme, and an enjoyable evening may be expected.

SATURDAY NIGHT will publish cuts of the supreme officers in next week's issue.

THE THREE SCAPEGRACES.

Vigorous Journalism.

The following extracts are taken from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker*:

"TEN THOUSAND REWARD.—On Tuesday night of last week, as we were preparing to go to bed after a hard evening's work, some murderous wretch hurled a brick through the only window in our office. It was intended for our destruction, but that Providence which watches over an editor as well as a sparrow willed otherwise. It struck and knocked our bedstead to pieces, pled three dead aids on the stone, and then glanced off and ripped up several feet of flooring, but left our person untouched. We were out of the office inside of ten minutes, but the bloodthirsty fiend had made good his escape.

"We have been warned that we must go, and this is the seventh emphatic hint to stir our stumps, but here we squat. We don't vacate. We don't scare. We don't change our editorial course one iota. We hereby offer $10,000 reward for information that will lead to the capture of the dastard who attempted to assassinate us, and hereafter we warn the public that we shall sleep with a double barreled shotgun across the foot of the bed. Any one coming to the office at a late hour to ask us to play a game of poker should stop at Scott's corner and whistle four times as a signal.'

"CORRECTION.—Last week we had a brief item to the effect that Major Hornback, our efficient Registrar of Deeds, had got staving drunk, destroyed a bushel or two of valuable papers, had two fights and then gone home to smash his cook stove and lick his wife. Next day Major Hornback called at this office, and not only subscribed for the *Kicker* for himself, but sent two copies to friends in the East, paying us $6 in cash.

"We therefore desire to correct the item of last week. The Major was not drunk. It was simply an attack of vertigo, to which he is subject. He was never drunk in his life, and a more efficient public official or a kinder husband and father cannot be found on the face of this globe. We shall make other corrections from time to time as the victims come in and subscribe."

"SPECIMEN VENOM.—This week we nail the lie set afloat last week by some of the venomous serpents on Jackson Hill to the effect that we had been refused credit at Booker's saloon. No event of the sort ever occurred, and the story was set afloat to injure our commercial standing in Chicago. It was a lie made out of whole cloth, and as soon as we can locate the liar he'll be made to believe that a double two story house fell upon him."

"REVENGE.—Two weeks ago we had the pleasure of showing Steve Battle up to this community in his true light—that of a jail-breaker, incendiary and robber. In revenge Steve waited for us in front of the Widow Chilton's house the other night, where it is well known we are doing a little courting with a view to matrimony, and as we reached the road he made a rush for us, crying out that he would have our life. We were taken unawares, knocked down and pounded until we couldn't holler. As a result Steve Battle has been run out of this town with a rail beneath him and warned that he will be hung if he returns. We are able to be about again, and return our thanks to such friends as have sent in flowers, sausages, butter crackers, codfish and mementos. We expected a dozen wallopings the first year of our stay, and will probably get 'em, as we have averaged one a month so far. The worm will turn some day, however, and then look out!"

"THANKS—On Thursday night, just as we had exchanged our day-shirt for the calico Mother Hubbard in which we sweetly sleep, music suddenly broke on the stilly atmosphere. It was a little serenade arranged for our benefit by that golden-haired angel, Miss Bella Hawkins, whose father has been prominently mentioned as our next mayor. She led a band of five, and they played on two fiddles and sang several old ballads which deeply affected us. Indeed for the moment we were carried back to our mother's knee, and all that night we felt much nearer Heaven than ever before.

"Miss Bella is not only the superior of any songstress before the American public, but her father and mother are stars fitted to adorn any firmament. They reside in that beautiful abode on the right as you rise Jackass Hill, and one has but to glance at the outside to realize that people of culture live there. Yes, it was a glorious serenade, and we shall feel the invigorating effects of it for some months to come. Any subscriber receiving a paper with an 'X' marked in violet ink on the margin will know that his time is half out and that he is expected to come again in six months."

The Story of Ginevra.

Married to Francesco degli Agolanti, the one of her two lovers who loved her least, Ginevra was buried alive during a trance or collapse which looked like death. Waking up to consciousness in the moonlight she freed herself from her grave clothes and crawled to the house of her husband for shelter. He, sorrowful for her death as he was, refused to believe that this pale revenante crying at his door was his living wife and superstitiously denied her admittance. So did her mother; so did her uncle. Then, nearly dying in good earnest, she betook her to the house of her other and truer lover, Antonio de Bondinelli, and sank fainting on the threshold, after she had cried aloud for help. And Bondinelli, enlightened by love, recognized her voice, took her in, warmed, fed, comforted her, and eventually married her as by right. The bishop consented to the divorce as having been made by death, and to the re-marriage as having been consecrated by love, and faith gained what fear had lost.

Savareen's Disappearance:

A Half-Forgotten Chapter in the History of an Upper Canadian Township.

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

CHAPTER V.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

Mrs. Savareen sat up waiting for her lord until long past midnight, but her vigil was in vain. Lapierre, after chasing up his man for night, dropped in, according to his promise, to see if any news of the absentee had arrived. Nothing further could be done in the way of searching for the latter personage until daylight.

It was getting on pretty well towards morning when Mrs. Savareen caught her couch, and when she got there her slumber was broken and disturbed. She knew not what to think, but she was haunted by a dread that she would never again see her husband alive.

Next morning, soon after daylight, the whole neighborhood was astir, and the country round was carefully searched for any trace of the missing man. Squire Harrington went down to town and made inquiries at the bank, where he ascertained that the story told by Savareen to old Jonathan Perry, as to his altercation with Shuttleworth, was substantially correct. This effectually disposed of any possible theory as to Jonathan and his wife having mistaken somebody else for Savareen. Squire Harrington likewise learned all about the man's doings on the previous afternoon, and was able to fix the time at which he had started for home. He had ridden from the door of the Peacock at about a quarter to eight, and he would bring him to the toll-gate at eight o'clock—the hour at which Perry professed to have seen and conversed with him. There was no longer any room for doubt. That interview and conversation had actually taken place at eight o'clock on the previous evening, and Savareen had ridden northward from the gate within five minutes afterwards. He could not have proceeded more than a hundred—or, at the very outside, two hundred—yards farther, or he must inevitably have been encountered by Lapierre. How had he contrived to vanish so suddenly out of existence? And it was not only his man, but the horse, which had disappeared in this unaccountable manner. It seemed improbable that two living substances of such bulk should pass out of sight and leave no trace behind them. They must literally have melted into thin air.

No, they hadn't. At least the black mare had, for she was discovered by several members of the searching-party a little before noon. When found, she was quietly cropping the damp grass at the edge of the Long Swamp, right at the rear of Squire Harrington's farm. She was wholly uninjured, and had evidently spent the night there. The bit had been removed from her mouth, but the bridle hung intact round her neck. The saddle, however, like its owner, had disappeared from her back.

Then the men began a systematic search in the interior of the swamp. They soon came upon the saddle, which had apparently been deliberately unbuckled, removed from off the mare, and deposited on a dry patch of ground, near the edge of the morass. A little further in the interior they came upon a man's coat, made of dark brown stuff. This garment was identified by one of the party as belonging to Savareen. It was wet and besmirched with mud, and, in fact, was lying in about half out of a little puddle of water when it was found. Then the searchers made sure of finding the body.

But in this they were disappointed. They explored the recesses of the swamp from end to end and side to side in the most careful thoroughness, but found nothing further to reward their search. The ground was too soft and marshy to retain any traces of footsteps, and the mare and saddle afforded no positive evidence that the object of their quest had been in the neighborhood of the swamp—and of course this evidence was of the most vague and inconclusive character.

Then the party proceeded in a body to the missing man's house. Here another surprise awaited them. The coat was at once recognized by Mrs. Savareen as belonging to her husband, BUT IT WAS NOT THE COAT HE WORE AT THE TIME OF HIS DISAPPEARANCE. Of this there was no doubt whatever. In fact, he had not worn it for more than a week previously. His wife distinctly remembered having folded and laid it away in the top of a large trunk on the Saturday of the week before last, since which time she had never set eyes on it. Here was a deepening of the mystery.

The search was kept up without intermission for several days, nearly all of the farmers in the township taking part in it, even the neglect of the harvest work which demanded their attention. Squire Harrington was especially active, and left no stone unturned to unravel the mystery. Lapierre gave up all his time to the search, and left the Royal Oak to the care of its landlady. The men themselves lay beatirred themselves as they had never done before. Every place, likely and unlikely, where a man's body might possibly lie concealed; every track of woodland, wooded land; every barn and out-building; every hollow and ditch; every field and fence corner, was explored with careful minuteness. Even the wells of the district were peered into and examined for traces of the thirteen stone of humanity which had so mysteriously disappeared from off the face of the earth. Doctor Scott, the local coroner, held himself in readiness to summon a coroner's jury at the shortest notice. When all these means proved unavailing, a public meeting of the inhabitants was convened, and funds were subscribed to still further prosecute the search. A reward of a hundred pounds was offered for any information which should lead to the discovery of the missing man, dead or alive, or which should throw any light upon his fate. Hand-bills proclaiming this reward, and describing the man's personal appearance, were exhibited in every bar-room and other conspicuous place throughout Westchester and the adjacent townships. Advertisements, setting forth the main facts, were inserted in the principal newspapers of Toronto, Hamilton and London, as well as in those of several of the nearest county towns.

All to no purpose. Days—weeks—months passed by, and furnished not the slightest clue to the mysterious disappearance of Reginald Bourchier Savareen on the night of Monday, the 17th of July, 1854.

CHAPTER VI.

SPECULATIONS.

For a long time subsequent to the night of the disappearance a more puzzled community than that one settled along the Millbrook and Spotswood road would have been hard to find in Upper Canada. At first sight it seemed probable that the missing man had been murdered for his money. On the afternoon of the day when he was last seen in Millbrook the fact of his having four hundred dollars in bank bills in his possession was known to a great many people, for, as already intimated, he told the story of his dispute at the bank to pretty nearly everyone with whom he came in contact during the subsequent portion of the day, and he in every instance wound up his narration by producing the bills, as proof he might concern that he had the notes in his pocket. But it was difficult to fix upon any particular individual as being open to suspicion. There had been no attempt on the part of any of his associates on that afternoon to detain him in town, and his remaining there until the evening had been entirely due to his own inclinations. So far as was known, he had not been followed by any person after his departure from the Peacock at 7.45. Anyone following would have had no prospect of overtaking him unless mounted on a good horse, and must perforce have passed through the toll-gate. According to the testimony of Perry and his wife, nobody had passed through the gate in his wake, nor for more than an hour after him. But—mystery of mysteries—where had he managed to hide himself and his mare during the two or three minutes which had elapsed between his departure from the gate and the arrival there of Lapierre? And, if he had been murdered, what had become of his body?

Had it been at all within the bounds of possibility that Stollivor, unassisted, would certainly have fallen upon that personage. But any idea of the kind was altogether out of the question. Stollivor was a boorish, uncommunicable fellow, but a more unlikely man to commit a serious crime could not have been found in the whole country side. Again, he could have had no conceivable motive for making away with Savareen, as he had been working all day in the fields and knew nothing about the four hundred pounds. Besides, a little quiet investigation proved the thing to be an absolute impossibility. At the time of Savareen's disappearance, Stollivor had been sitting at his own table, in the company of his wife, his family, and a grown-up female servant. He had sat down to table at about a quarter to eight, and had not quitted it for several minutes after the town bell had ceased to ring. On rising, he had gone out with his two boys—lads of thirteen and fifteen years of age respectively—and had barely taken up a position with them on the front fence when Lapierre came along and questioned him, as related in a former chapter. So it was certainly not worth while to pursue that branch of enquiry any farther.

The only other persons upon whom the shadow of suspicion could by any possibility fall were Lapierre and Jonathan Perry. Well, so far as the latter was concerned, the idea was too absurd for serious consideration. To begin with, Jonathan was seventy-six years of age, feeble and almost decrepid. Then, he was a man of unspotted character, and, notwithstanding his humble station in life, was liked and respected by all who knew him. Finally, he could not have done away with Savareen without the knowledge and concurrence of his wife, a gentle, kindly old soul who found her best consolation between the covers of her bible, and who would not have raised her finger against a worm. So that branch of the enquiry might also be considered as closed.

As to Lapierre, the idea was at least as preposterous as either of the others. The jovial landlord of the Royal Oak was on the whole about as likely a man to commit robbery or murder as the blabber of his process. He was of a cheery, open nature; was not greedy or grasping; had a fairly prosperous business, and was tolerably well-to-do. On the night of the 17th, he had undertaken to go down to town and bring home the absent man, but he had done so at the pressing request of the man's wife, and out of pure kindness of heart. When setting out on his mission he knew nothing about the altercation at the bank, and was consequently ignorant that Savareen had an considerable sum of money on his person. His first knowledge on these subjects had been communicated to him by Perry, and before that information he had disappeared. It also counted for something that Savareen and he had always been on the most friendly terms, and that Savareen was one of his best customers. But, even if he had been the most bloodthirsty of mankind, he had positively had no time to perpetrate a murder. The two or three minutes elapsing between Savareen's departure from the toll gate and Lapierre's arrival there had been too brief for any act of the latter's having mauled while killed the former and made away with his body; to say nothing of his having also made and a disposition of the black mare so as to enable it to be found in Cranberry Swamp on the following day.

After awhile people began to ask whether it was probable that any murder at all had been committed. The finding of the coat was an unfathomable mystery, but it really furnished no evidence one way or the other. And if there had been a murder, how was it that no traces of the body were discoverable? How was it that no cry or exclamation of any kind had been heard by old Jonathan, sitting there at the door in the open air on a still night? It was certain that his ears had been wide open, and ready enough to take in whatever was stirring, for he had heard the sound of Count Fronteac's hoofs as they came clattering down the road.

Such questions as these were constantly in the mouths of the people of that neighborhood during days after the disappearance, but they met with no satisfactory answer from any quarter, and as the time passed by it began to be believed that no light would ever be thrown upon the most mysterious occurrence that had ever taken place since that part of the country had been first settled. One of the constables, discouraged by repeated failures, ventured in all seriousness to express a suspicion that Savareen had been bodily devoured by his mare. He was could you account for no trace of him being visible anywhere?

By an unaccountable oversight, Shuttleworth had kept no memorandum of the numbers of the notes paid over to Savareen, and it was 'tmas impossible to trace them.

CHAPTER VII.

"A WIDOW, HUSBANDLESS, SUBJECT TO FEARS."

The position of the missing man's wife was a particularly trying and painful one—a position imperatively calling for the sympathy of the community in which she lived. That sympathy was freely accorded to her, but time alone could bring anything like tranquillity to a mind harassed by such manifold anxieties as hers. After the lapse of a few weeks Squire Harrington generously offered to take the farm off her hands, but to this proposal she was for some time loth to assent. In spite of her fears and misgivings, fitful gleams of hope that her husband would return to her flitted across her mind. If he came back he should find her at her post. Meanwhile the neighbors showed her much kindness. They voluntarily formed an organization of labor, and harvested her crops, threshed them out and conveyed them to market for her. Her brother, a young man of eighteen, came out from town and took up his abode with her, so that she should not be left wholly desolate among strangers. And so the summer and autumn glided by.

But this state of things could not last. The strange solitude of her destiny preyed sorely upon her, and when the first snows of winter arrived, bringing with them no tidings of the absent, her health began to fail, and the poor woman broke down. She gave up the farm, and, with her little baby boy and such of her household effects as she chose to retain, went back to the home of her parents in Millbrook. She was a few hundred dollars better off in this world's goods than she had been when she had left that home about thirteen months before, but her spirit was sadly bent, if not altogether broken, and the proceeds seemed to have utterly faded out of her life.

In process of time she became in some degree accustomed, if not reconciled, to her lot. But her situation was, to say the least, anomalous. Her parents were, on the whole, kind and considerate, but she was conscious of being, after a fashion, isolated from them and from all the rest of the world. She felt as one who was, in the language of the proverb, neither maid, wife nor widow. She knew not whether her child's father was living or dead. She was barely twenty-three years of age, but she was not free to form a second marriage, even if she had had any inclination for such a union, which, to do her justice, she had not, for she cherished the memory of her absent lord with fond affection, and persisted in believing that even if he were living, it was through no fault of his own that he remained away from her. She lived a very quiet and secluded life. In spite of her mother's importunities, she seldom stirred out of doors on week days, and saw few visitors. She was a regular attendant at church on Sundays, and sought to find relief from mental anxiety in the consolations of religion. Her chief consolation, however, lay in her child, upon whom she lavished all the tenderness of a soft and patient nature. She fondly sought to trace in the little fellow's bright features some resemblance to the lineaments of him she had loved and lost. To do this required considerable a rather strong effort of the imagination, for, to tell the truth, the boy favored his mother's side of the house, and was no more like his father than he was like the twelve patriarchs. But a fond mother often lives in an ideal world; her own creation, and can trace resemblances invisible to ordinary mortals. So it was with this mother, who often declared that her boy had a way of "looking out of his eyes," as she expressed it, which forcibly brought back the memory of happy days which had forever passed away.

Of course Savareen's relatives in the old country received notice of his strange disappearance, and of the various circumstances connected with that event. Mrs. Savareen had herself communicated the facts, and had also sent over a copy of the Millbrook *Sentinel*, containing a long and minute account of the affair. A letter arrived from Hertfordshire in due season, acknowledging receipt of these missives, and enquiring whether the lost had been found. Several communications passed to and fro during the first few months, after which, as there was really nothing further to write about, the correspondence fell off; it being of course understood that should any new facts turn up, they should be promptly made known.

The stars do not pause in their spheres to take note of the afflictions of us mortals here below. To outward appearances it seemed unaccountable that the succeeding months should come and go as formerly, and as though nothing had occurred to take the saliness and savor out of her young life. Ever and anon her slumbers were disturbed by weird dreams, in which the lost one was presented before her all aspects of frightful mutilation. In these dreams, which came to her in the silent watches of the night, she never seemed to look upon her husband as dead. He always seemed to be alive, but surrounded by inextricable complications involving great trouble and danger. She sometimes awoke from such visions with a shriek of pity which startled the household, and proved how greatly her nerves had been shaken by the untoward circumstances of her fate.

In the early spring of the ensuing year she sustained another painful bereavement through the death of her mother. This event imparted an additional element of sadness to her already clouded existence; but it was not without certain attendant compensations, as it necessary a more active course of life on her part, and so left her less time to brood over her earlier sorrow. No Benvolio was needed to tell us that

"One fire burns out another's burning:
One pain is lessened by another's anguish."

Most of us have at one time or another been forced to learn that hard truth for ourselves. This forlorn woman had probably never read the passage, but her experience furnished abundant confirmation of it home to her at this time. She was driven to assume the internal management of the household, and found grateful solace in the occupations which the position involved. She once more began to take an interest in the prosaic details of everyday life, and became less addicted to looking forward to a solitary, joyless old age. So that, all things considered, a second bereavement was not to be regarded in the light of an affliction absolutely without mitigation.

It might well have been supposed that the place she was now called upon to fill would have been the means of drawing closer the ties between her surviving parent and herself. For a time it certainly had that effect. Her presence in his house must have done much to soften the blow to her father, and her practical usefulness was made manifest every hour of the day. She carefully ministered to his domestic needs, and did what she could to alleviate the sorrow which had been laid upon him. But the old, old story was once more repeated. In little more than a year from the time when her mother had been laid in her grave, she had made aware of the fact that the household was to receive a new mistress. In other words, she was to be introduced to a stepmother. The event followed hard upon the announcements. As a necessary consequence she was compelled to assume a secondary place in her father's house.

It may be true that first marriages are sometimes made in Heaven. It is even possible that second marriages may now and then be forged in the same workshop. But it was soon brought home to Mrs. Savareen that this particular marriage was not among the number. Her stepmother, who was not much older than herself, proved a veritable thorn in her side. She was made to perceive that she and her little boy were regarded in the light of incumbrances, to be tolerated until they could be got rid of. But not passively tolerated. The stepmother was a rather coarse grained piece of clay—an unsympathetic, unfeeling woman who knew how to say and do unpleasant things without any apparent temper or ill-will. The immortal clockmaker, when he was in a more quaintly sententious humor than common, once propounded the doctrine that the direct road to a mother's heart is through her child. He might have added the equally incontestable proposition that the most effectual method of torturing a mother's heart is through the same medium. The mother who has an only child, who is all the world to her, is acutely susceptible to anything in the shape of interference with her maternal prerogatives. Such interference, by whomsoever exercised, is wholly intolerable to her. This susceptibility may perhaps be a feminine weakness, but it is a veritable maternal instinct, and one of which few who have observed it will have the heart to find much fault. In Mrs. Savareen's bosom this instinct in a high state of development, and her stepmother so played upon it as to make life under the same roof with her a cross too hard to be borne. After a few months' trial, the younger of the two women resolved that a new home must be found for herself and her little boy. The carrying out of this resolve rendered some consideration necessary, for her own unaided means were inadequate for her support. Her father, though not what could be called a poor man, was far from rich, and he had neither the means nor the will to maintain two establishments, however humble. But she was expert with her needle, and did not despair of being able to support herself by slender wants of herself and child. She rented and furnished a small house in the town, where household effects were no ground for apprehensive anxiety as to her livelihood. There was plenty of needlework to be had to keep her nimble fingers busy from morn till night, and her income from the first was in excess of her expenditure. She was constrained to lead a humdrum sort of existence, but it was brightened by the presence and companionship of her boy, who was a constant source of pride and delight to her. Whenever she caught herself indulging in a despondent mood, she took herself severely to task for repining at a lot which might have lacked this element of brightness, and which lacking that, would, it seemed to her, have been too dreary for human endurance.

No useful purpose would be served by lingering over this portion of the narrative. Suffice it to say that the current of the lonely woman's life flowed smoothly on for several years, during which she received no tidings of her lost husband and heard nothing to throw the faintest scintilla of light upon his mysterious disappearance. Little Reginald grew apace, and continued to be the one consolation in her great bereavement—the solitary joy which reconciled her to her environment.

(To be Continued.)

A Shattered Simile.

The richest gems 'neath nature's covering furled
Lie hid and never charm a wondering world.

The greatest thoughts in fiercest garden grown
The poet leaves to all save him unknown.

The greatest harmonies which music rears
In genius wrapped ne'er falls upon our ears.

Most wondrous pictures shadowing all the rest,
Unpainted, dwell within the artist's breast.

Your wife's most cutting words when you're in bed—
Well, no; they're not the ones she leaves unsaid.

Carl Dunder Talk With Children.

Shildren, I like to shpeak mit you a leedle about some history. It shas awful nice dot you know all about who you vhas und vhy you vhas born in dis country instead of Shina. How you shildren shust love to read about shentleman called Christopher Columbus? All? Vhell, dot vhas good. I shall now tell you his life.

Vhen Christopher Columbus vhas a shmall poy, nopody takes him to be shmart. He vhas no shmarter ash my poy Shake. He vhas werry quiet. Sometimes he goes out by an apple tree und vhistles und dinks shpeak to nopody for two hours. If some poy comes along und asks him to go fishing he doan' efen look oop. He vhas bashful. If he meets a gal und she mudder call him sexx times before he comes to dinner. What vhas dot reflection, shildren? Does he reflection on how he shall puy him a horse or a gun? No, he doan' reflection on how he shall run avhay und peccme some cowboy und Injun killer? Oh, no! He vhas no sooch poy ash dot.

Bekaase he vhas so quiet dey gives yeers Christopher doan' believe dot Spain vhas all dis world. He peliefs he can go west und find some new country und people. He doan' say no, for one time he shudder vould lick him, und der school master would call him a fool, but he keeps right on mit his thinking. Vhen some peoples tells him dot dey shumpoy cross de ocean, und if some games of base ball whas around he nefer go to see her. All der time he vhas thinking about dot undiscovered country out west behind dot ocean, but he doan' spheak of him to nopody. If he does he vhas called some fools und idits, und maybe he got a ride mit dem shoint cars.

Vhell, dot boy grows oop to be a man, und nopody can tell it he vhas thinking of politics or religion. One day he goes to dot King und Queen und says he like to set out und find America. He doan' has no money nor ships, und he like dot King to foot all der bills. Shimmy! but how dot King laughs all outer him, und how dot Queen spheaks to Columbus if his mudder knows he vhas out doors! Columbus vhas come cafer by confusion dot he goes right avhay und hides himself, und it vhas in der society news in der Sunday papers dot he vhas out of town.

Vhell, time goes on und Columbus feels petter. He doon' gif oop yet. He vhas like der toothache. Der more he thinks der harder he aches. He peliefs in America, und at last he goes py some rich mans und asks him to shpeak mit der King some more. So it vhas brought about at last dot der King und Queen oont und fits out three ships. He doan' pelief in Columbus, however, und he says to him:

"If you find dot America it vhas all O. K. If you doan't find her I send you to der workhouse so long as you live. Now go avhay und write me some postal cards occasionally und let me know if you were in good health."

Columbus vhas shaking in his boots, but he sails avhay und goes out of sight. In a few days nopoopy has seen dot smart und vhise fellow go back. Columbus buys him off mit feefty cents. Pooty soon some more sailors vhas scart, und a little later on saferyboody begins to yell: "Fire! Fire!" "Police!" No land vhas in sight any more, und der peoples belief dey should be drowned. Columbus bribed und threatened und coaxed und it vhas not too badt he puts a head on him. At last he must gif oop. He shtands all alone. He calls all der people around him und says:

"Doan' be so fresh. I pelief we vhas almost to America. I can shmell some Chicago river, und we keep on tree days more. If we doan' come by then dey vhas shall go back home, und doan' you forget her!"

Dot vhas brave in him, und great vhas his reward. In two days nopoopy cries out, "Land ho!" und pooty queek all dose ships vhas by America. Columbus goes ashore und sees some Injuns und says he likes to be friends, und vhen a tousand vhas come around him he says:

"Fellow citizens, it vhas no use. You vhas discovered, und I like you to make der best of her. Hooray for! If you like to behave yourselves, I gif you some looking glasses. If you like to fight, I kill on one day in two minutes by some clock! Let me know, at your earliest convenience, how your feelings vhas."

Vhell, does Injuns see dot he can't be bluffed, und so dey make friend mit him. He loads up mit wood und shtones und such things, hires some Injuns to go home mit him und sails avhay for home. It vhas like some fairy tale! Vhen he comes pack. Some cannon shoots off, drums beat flags fly und caferyboody yells out: "Hooray! Hooray for you so!" Columbus goes to der King und Queen und he makes a speech und shows all dot he brings home, und der King shteps down und feels of his knees und says:

"You vhas a bustler from Hustledown, und if I doan' put you in der Legislature und make some of dose old moss-backs look seek den I vhas no shmart feller."

Und der Queen shteps down und shmiles on him und says:

"Vhat a great man! Nopody else in all dis world vhas knee high to a grass-hopper. Come und haf some dinner mit us!"

Und dot vhas how we vhas discovered, schildren, und dot vhas all I haf to tell you.

No Fool Remedies in His.

Brown—I can tell you what will cure that cold, Dumley. You take a big drink of hot flaxseed to-night at nine o'clock, and go to bed. Follow the treatment for a day or two and see a doctor now. When I am sick I don't take any fool remedies.

Dumley—Better to physician—Doctor I've got a severe cold.

Physician (gravely)—Um; bad, very bad, particularly at this season of the year. Had it long?

Dumley—About a week.

Physician—Um; in the head or on the chest?

Dumley—In the chest. Feel like a doctor.

Physician—Um; let me try your lungs. (Doctor seizes Dumley with what is known in Graeco-Roman wrestling parlance as the grab-him-quick-and-hold-him-over-your-head-and-kill-him hold, and listens intently for ten minutes.) Um; appetite good?

Dumley—Bad kind.

Physician—Um; sleep well?

Dumley—Haven't slept a wink for two nights; neither has my wife.

Physician—Um; wife troubled with a cold, too?

—Yes; troubled with mine.

Physician—Um; let me feel of your tongue—I should say, see your tongue and feel of your pulse. Um; yes, pulse feeble and tongue coated. Where did you get this cold?

Dumley—I was over in Pennsylvania last week, and I think I got it there.

Physician—Um; yes, people can't be too careful about going to Pennsylvania. Throat sore?

Dumley—It's getting sore, doctor.

Physician—Um; taken anything yet?

Dumley—No.

Physician—Um; well, Mr. Dumley, to-night at nine o'clock you take a big drink of hot flaxseed tea, and go to bed. In the morning, I think, you'll be all right.

Dumley (gratefully)—Thanks, doctor; how much?

Physician—Two dollars, please.

Another Brilliant English Wit.

An American girl (says Harper's Drawer), recently had the honor of meeting an English nobleman, Lord E——, at an entertainment in London. He opened the conversation by asking if she had heard the story about the man who wished to cross the river with his donkey, there being no bridge, and only a small skiff as a means of getting over. The young lady adroitly avoided saying she did not know how the party managed to cross, whereupon Lord E—— condescended to try her on another tack. "Are you the head of an awse?" said he. "No," replied Miss P——, "Are you the tail of an awse?" "Certainly not," answered the lady, rather provoked. "Then," said his lordship, "you are no end of an awse."

Not Posted.

"H'm! h'm!" ejaculates Jones while glancing over the morning paper; "I know I am not well posted in physiology, but when it comes to reading that a man was 'shot in his saloon, a bony mortal hurt in the alley,' and a woman injured on the back-stairs, I may as well own up to complete ignorance of those parts of the anatomy."

Outranked Him By Gad.

Landlady—(to Col. Blood, a star boarder)—Why do you always wait for others before taking your seat at the table, Col. Blood? Is it a military custom?

Col. Blood—It is a military custom, my dear madame, to salute a superior officer. I salute the butter; it outranks me.

Just How It Is.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theater and sending her flowers, in the hope that she may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

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The Maiden's Leap.

Bertha, Countess of Innesfels, was young, although a widow, her years not having yet reached twenty. But into her short life many emotions had been crowded. When a girl of sixteen she had attended a brilliant tournament.

Much to her chagrin and disappointment, the one whom she secretly deemed the bravest and worthiest of all the knights had eyes only for the young daughter and heiress of the brave old Count of Innesfels, who, notwithstanding his age, bore off a full share of the honors of the day.

By one of those strange freaks of fortune which are constantly either making or marring human lives, the handsome young Baron of Dalkeith passed the Lady Bertha indifferently by, oblivious to all but winning an approving glance from the shy orbs of Ildegarde of Innesfels; while the stern old warrior count—Ildegarde's father—was smitten by Bertha's dark beauty. He had been widowed by Ildegarde's birth, and had never thought to win and woo another consort until his eyes rested upon Bertha. Then no youthful lover could have laid such fiery siege to a lady's heart as did the old count.

It was in a period when a maiden had but little voice in the disposal of her hand in marriage, and almost before she had time to realize her changed position Bertha's bridal finery had to be put off for the sombre garb of widowhood.

It was now two years since her husband's death, and she had conducted herself very discreetly. Had her heart been throbbing with the keenest sorrow she could not have rendered more respect to her lord's memory.

Ildegarde, her step-daughter, and her unconscious rival in the past, had been treated with unfailing courtesy by her thus far, but a trumpet sounded without, and a message was soon brought in to say that Raoul, Baron of Dalkeith, craved an audience with the Countess of Innesfels.

"Show the baron all due attention, and see that refreshments are set before him and his suite. I will accord him my personal attendance afterward," said Bertha.

When the servitor who had brought her the news of the baron's arrival, had withdrawn to carry out his mistress' orders, Countess Bertha turned to her maid.

The woman had been in her own father's household, and was a great favorite with her lady on that account. Before others she was the haughty, widowed consort of the Count of Innesfels; in Leonie's presence she was still the petulant girl whose dignities had so far overweighted her tender years.

Leonie started as her mistress turned toward her. What magical transformation was it which had called such a resplendent fire into those great eyes, and had kindled such a brilliant red upon the usually pale cheeks?

"Leonie! did you hear? The young Baron of Dalkeith is below! What comes he to my castle for, think you?

"I know not, my lady, unless it be that there is to come a new war, and he may want a promise of help in men and arms."

Countess Bertha stamped her foot impatiently.

"Out upon thee for an idiot! Thinkest thou there can be no other reason to attract him hither?"

A sudden look of intelligence shot into Leonie's eyes.

"Ah, I know! but my lady might not be pleased if I took the liberty to say my thoughts."

"Speak out, Leonie. I promise to pardon any indiscretion. What thinkest thou?"

"That my lady is young, and that she would be considered a fitting mate by this noble visitor."

"You are a sensible girl, Leonie. Now prove your good taste also by making my sombre garb as attractive as possible."

"One will forget to look at aught but my lady's eyes to-day! They are like stars. And her cheeks are so red that one would mistake them for roses."

Countess Bertha listened with a smile. It pleased her to hear Leonie say that she was beautiful, for through that beauty she might yet win this knight, who had never been her ideal of all that was good and true in man.

But in proportion as her hopes had enkindled this sudden and intoxicating happiness in her heart, so did the reaction threaten to bring woe and desolation into the household when the proud woman learned that the baron had come to the castle to present himself as a suitor for Lady Ildegarde.

From that moment her indifference toward her gentle stepdaughter changed to hate. But she dissembled her emotions well, and entertained the baron right regally while in her secret heart she was plotting against the consummation of his hopes.

She purposely allowed him chances of obtaining secret interviews with Ildegarde, so that he might win her heart. She wished that the maiden should suffer like herself, by loving one whom she could not marry. For, with a refinement of cruelty, Countess Bertha meant to refuse entrance to even a messenger from the baron when he had once taken his departure from the castle. Then would Ildegarde pine away in lonely sorrow at her lover's supposed unfaithfulness—for she was to be kept in perpetual durance, imprisoned in her turret boudoir.

She conversed unreservedly about her plans to Leonie, not heeding the presence of a pretty little page whose duty it was to remain in attendance in the adjoining anteroom to run of messages for his mistress.

Nemo was scarcely more than a child, but he had enshrined Lady Ildegarde in his heart as devoutly as a devotee would his patron saint; and the mention of her name attracted his attention. Being quick-witted he soon mastered the situation, and on the eve of the baron's intended return to his own home he gained Lady Ildegarde's attention and managed to acquaint her with the plot against her lover and herself.

The leave-taking took place in the grand banqueting-room, so that Ildegarde had no chance to tell her betrothed of what she had learned, and of the intention to separate them forever by keeping her a close prisoner, and by shutting him out from future visits to Innesfels. In her agony of terror, knowing as she did that she would be left completely in her stepmother's power, Ildegarde made up her mind to appoint a meeting at some place where she could safely confide to her lover this danger which threatened their anticipated union.

With the timidity of a tender maiden, she shrank from taking such a step, but it was her only alternative.

"I must see you," she whispered, "to-night. I have something to say which you must hear. I will be at your door at midnight, and you must make some excuse for sending your squire on an errand."

Raoul's face did not show his secret wonder and perplexity at hearing so modest and shy a maid as Ildegarde propose this secret, nocturnal meeting. He saw that some great agitation was hidden beneath her outward composure, and he put as much of an appearance of unconcern into his answer as though she had not taken him so completely by surprise, as he bowed low over the hand she had extended ostensibly to give him an ordinary greeting.

"All shall be as you say," he whispered. Then he continued aloud, for Countess Bertha at that instant came toward them, smiling suavely: "It gives me great sorrow to think that so many weary days must pass before I can again greet the fair ladies who have lavished such unmerited kindness upon me."

For a moment the countess paused to speak a few honeyed words. Then she stationed herself at a little distance and motioned Ildegarde to take her position by her side.

It was well that the interview had already been arranged, for there would have been no other chance for words to pass between them unheard by the Countess Bertha.

Midnight came, and found Ildegarde's lover pacing up and down in impatient expectation of her approach. His apartments were located in one of the turrets of the castle, and directly opposite, in a similar elevation, a steady light gleaming from one of the deep-set, narrow windows, betrayed the locality of Ildegarde's rooms.

They were upon a line with those which had been allotted to him, and were as near to the sky as they could well be, a slight partition only separating them from the flat roof. In summer time it had always been a favorite resort for the lonely girl, for a widely extended view of the whole surrounding country could be obtained from it, and, book or embroidery in hand, she would often find herself happy in this free communion with earth and air and sunlight. A narrow stair-case, the door of which was hidden by a drapery of rare old tapestry, enabled her to carry out her intention without molestation or hindrance from her stepmother.

As the twin turrets were constructed after the same model there was, of course, a similar mode of communication with the roof in the rooms of the young baron. But the lock had rusted in the door from long disuse, and the connecting stair-case had for years been given up to bats and owls.

As he now paced the room impatiently, he would occasionally pause by the window and glance towards Ildegarde's boudoir, wondering if she might yet be on her way to the meeting she had appointed.

At last a timid tap at the door betrayed her arrival. He threw it open, and Ildegarde entered, accompanied by the little page who had been her informant about the intended treachery of the countess.

Ildegarde was so muffled in a nun-like cloak that the keenest pair of eyes would have failed to recognize her until she threw it aside and stood in blushing tremulous confusion before the dazzled eyes of her lover. To facilitate her motions she had laid aside her long-trained dress, with its flowing, cumbersome drapery, and had put on one of her bower-maiden's dresses. It consisted of a gay colored jacket, and a kirtle whose scanty folds barely reached to her arching instep, and for an instant, as she met Raoul's eyes, Ildegarde felt as though she must turn and take flight, so strange and out of place did she feel in her unaccustomed attire. But the next moment all sensations of self-consciousness and embarrassment died away, and she awoke to the full sense of the necessity of making use of the swiftly-flying seconds.

"Oh, Raoul," she said, hiding her face upon his shoulder, for he had drawn her to him in a close embrace, "we are to be separated forever when once you are outside of this castle. That is what I have to tell you."

"Through whose means?" asked Raoul, half incredulously.

"Ask Nemo. He will tell you."

"Speak, then, youngster, and be quick about it; for if it be true, some plan must be devised, and that quickly."

Then Nemo told of the conversation he had overheard between the countess and Leonie.

Raoul of Dalkeith listened in silence until the boy had concluded. Then he said to Ildegarde:

"The boy's story has the ring of truth in it. Has the widow of your father the power designated by her words? Could she shut you up in this castle in which your baby eyes first saw the light? Methinks it would be a difficult thing to do."

"She can do as she wishes with me," sobbed Ildegarde, "for she has a faculty of dissimulation that would make her actions seem to be dictated for my good. Then, too, my father's will made her my sole guardian."

"If that be true, sweetheart, the only thing to be done is to meet guile with guile. This boy shall carry to your room a suit of armor such as is worn by one of the knights in my suite. To-morrow morn shall see a new follower in my train as I leave the castle. To-night you are a bower-maiden in all seeming; then you shall become, for the nonce, a knight."

"But I cannot be in two places at once. And you may have noticed how constant is the claim made by the countess upon my society."

"Simulate a sudden illness, so that you have to excuse yourself from paying me the courtesy of a last greeting."

"Dalkeith, think of it! I shall be as poor as though I had come of a peasant stock. I could not throw myself upon your protection in such an unmaidenly manner."

"Naught is to be thought of, my Ildegarde, but that we are lost to each other unless—But, hist! What sound is that?"

Ildegarde shrank from her lover in sudden terror.

"It is the voice of the countess. Oh, let me fly, or I am undone forever!"

She rushed to the stairway and tried to open the door, but it resisted.

"Raoul, as you love me, force it open," she said, wildly.

In response to her appeal, he shook the door so violently that at last the rusty hinges gave way.

"What are you going to do? You may as well stay and face the countess as to hide there. If she has a suspicion of your presence here she will only make a thorough search."

"I shall leap from the top of the turret, and try to reach yon roof."

He caught hold of her to detain her.

"You will never be able to do it. You are not a bird to fly."

His face grew pale, and great drops stood upon his forehead as he thus reasoned with her.

"Unhand me, Raoul; I will reach it, or I will fall into the moat that gleams so white in the light of the moon, and then I will die! Better so than to be disgraced forever. If I fail to reach my goal, and fall to my death, upon your honor as a knight, say naught of what you know."

Then, with the speed of a chamois, she flew up the dark stairway, dividing the bats that had so long been left there undisturbed, and at last reached the roof.

The countess was demanding an audience at the door in peremptory tones, but Raoul stood by the window as though his feet were chained to it. A flying shadow darkened across his line of vision for a moment, as Ildegarde had made the fearful leap, escaping eternity by a hair's breadth; for her feet had slipped upon the dizzy verge, and only by holding convulsively on by the railing, and dragging herself up to a place of security did she save herself from falling headlong into the moat, whose waters gleamed below, white and chill, in the moonlight. With a weight lifted from his heart Raoul went to the door and opened it for the countess to enter.

She came in slowly, casting a searching glance around. Upon seeing Nemo, she said:

"So it was you, sirrah, who have been playing such tricks. Go your way to your own place at once. I was told, Sir Baron, that the spirit who walks this castle at night was abroad, and as I had failed to mention that it was a haunted one, I came hither to assure you that it was a most harmless ghost. Fear not; may peace attend your slumbers. But what is the trouble there?"

Countess Bertha had turned, as though about to retire from the room, when her eyes rested upon the door which had been torn so rudely from its hinges.

Nemo hastened to reply.

"That, my lady, is the way to the roof; and as the baron desired to see the view, the door had to be torn down, the hinges were so rusty."

Countess Bertha advanced and glanced up the stairway, but drew back as a bat flew against her face.

"It would take stronger nerves than mine to face those noisome, winged creatures. You have good courage, Baron. Adieu."

It is needless to say that the countess' visit had been prompted by a far different motive than the one she had given. Her sharp ears had caught Ildegarde's words, and she had come thinking to work her ruin by finding her there, and by disclosing the fact the next day to her own retainers as well as to those of the baron, putting, of course, a false construction upon the interview.

But she was foiled by the maiden's desperate leap—not for life alone, but to save what was of more worth—her unsullied name.

The next morning a strange knight passed unnoticed among the throng of armed men in the hurry of leave-taking. It was with secret joy that Countess Bertha had received a message from Ildegarde's favorite bower maiden that her mistress begged to be excused from making her adieus to the baron.

But she ground her teeth with rage when she heard of Ildegarde's flight with her lover.

To this day the descendants of the noble family of Dalkeith glory in the daring feat of their ancestress—Ildegarde; and "The Maiden's Leap" is the favorite story told by the ancient servants when gathered around the yule log at Christmas-tide.

Biddy's Principles.

A labor agitator—a "walking delegate," prominent for his chronic idleness, was drawn among the real working-men of his neighborhood as Old Jawsomeness. His wife, seeing starvation staring her in the face, resorted to the wash-tub as a means of support.

One day the eloquent Mr. Jaw entered the kitchen, where his wife was perspiring over a customer's linen.

"Oi tell ye, Biddy, the only way for men to kape their liberty, is to strike whoil the iron is hot, 'n' kape these slave-drivin' capitalists from realizin' the profits av our labor."

"Jimmy," remarked Biddy, with a dangerous flash in her eye, "Oi've heard enough av that whang-doodle. Oi'm bliged to iron whoil the strike is hot, 'n' ef ye come in here wid yer gravances Oi'll interduce ye to the argyment av the broom handle."

She Was in a Hurry.

She—Sir! what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist!"

He—Do you object?

She—Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm.

Both Getting On.

Mistress (to applicant)—How old are you, Bridget?

Applicant (with a sigh)—Ah! mem, nayther av us will iver see forty agin.

A Chip of the Older Block.

Mr. Einstetter (in the bosom of his family)—How mooch mein little Davit loaf he's father—heh?

Little David—Von hundert per cend., no discound, fast golors, mit exchanche in Lohndon!

Mr. Einstetter (in an agony of paternal love)—Ach! mein fader's own chrantson, say dot agains!

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Don't Cut the Corners, Gentlemen.

Toronto is a law-abiding city, and her citizens are deservedly proud of the manner in which she has held her own in the march of progress, as compared with other centres on the continent. Slowly but surely old time barriers are being broken down and improvement is the order of the day. In nothing is this more strongly marked than in the removal of unsightly fences, which for years have disfigured the hidden beauties of lawn and garden in our midst.

In bygone days it has been a matter of reproach to property owners that they have failed in showing sufficient public spirit in thus throwing open grounds and enclosures to the public gaze, and for the popular enjoyment. This is a reproach the cause for which has almost ceased to exist. But the throwing open of lawns and grounds has entailed an obligation on the public, which the latter, whilst perhaps recognizing in the abstract, has failed to honor in the concrete. We refer to the manner in which our boulevards, lawn edges and corner lots are treated by the average citizen. The owners of corner lots in particular submit to much annoyance from the selfish thoughtlessness of pedestrians who cut the corner and thereby disfigure that which is the object of much care and attention on the part of the owner, and which is a source of pleasure to the public as well. Thus the "corner cutter" infringes on public as well as on private rights and enjoyment.

We remember, some time ago, a writer expressing admiration for the man who "cut the corner," on the ground that he was a type of our Canadian go-aheaditiveness. We should feel exceedingly loth to consider him as such. On the contrary, the man who thus ignores the rights and feelings of others is anything but typical of our Canadian manhood. From a business point of view, he is anything but a go-ahead, for the man who rises betimes, has his house well in order, carefully matures the work of the day beforehand, as every really go-ahead man should, is never in danger of falling into the feverish, restless, happy-go-lucky style of him whose outward manifestations of an inward unpreparedness is—cutting the corner lots.

Our Canadian Climate.

In the tropics nature never sleeps. Throughout the year the benign Mother is at work producing—always producing. At certain seasons she takes a protracted shower-bath, and fans herself occasionally with hurricanes and tornadoes.

But it is only in the colder latitudes that she knows refreshing slumber, and, wrapping herself in a soft white robe, lies for months in that dreamless trance which is perfect rest.

We grumble about our winters; and farther north-west and nearer, where the winters are longer and more severe, the people grumble more than we. It is the nature of the human animal to be dissatisfied with that which is, and to covet that which is not. If we only *would* know what is good for us we should prize our winters above all price. To their tonic influence we owe, in no small degree, vigor of system and intellectual energy. Not boastingly, but in a proper spirit of inquiry, we ask, What tropical nation can compete with us, physically or mentally? To climate as much as to anything, perhaps, do the nations of the north temperate zone owe their pre-eminence in literature, arts and arms, and, in all probability, the men of that region will dominate the world to the end of time.

The average temperature at the Equator is about eighty-four degrees of Fahrenheit—in the neighborhood of the North Pole twenty-seven degrees below the freezing-point, and in the Equatorial and Arctic regions all the energies of man—muscular, moral and intellectual—are, as a rule, in a comparatively feeble condition. It is in the golden mean between the two extremes, in lands of four seasons, that the conquering nations, the real lords of creation, have their heritage. Especially distinguished among these, both for the advantage of climate and its *status* in the human family, is the Anglo-Saxon race.

Let us rest content with our winters—promoters and conservators of strength in mind and body. Let us laugh and be thankful that we are neither grilled perpetually by an almost vertical sun, nor dwarfed and paralyzed by continuous frigidity—that we have a season of ice and snow, another of buds and blossoms, another of fruits and cereals, and another of glorious decay. Our climate is not one of a tedious monotony. In its varied alternations are the elements of health, longevity and mental and physical activity.

What Our Children Might be Taught.

SATURDAY NIGHT has had occasion to direct public attention towards the cramming system in vogue at our public schools. It might be suggested that a good idea would be to devote less time toward the acquirement of useless learning, and devote part of the time thus saved to the cultivation of a higher code of ethics regarding the rights and feelings of others. It is not by any means going beyond the mark in saying that our public school boys are veritable vandals when on the streets. Nothing appears to be safe from that innate spirit of mischief which so completely possesses the average small boy. The most reprehensible manifestations of this juvenile "cussedness" is shown in the ruthless manner in which the shade-trees on our boulevards are treated. We are daily witnesses, in different parts of the city, of the shameful manner in which trees are torn and left with their dismembered branches hanging by a shred of bark to the parent stem. A tender sapling without support is rare fun to the average juvenile. We don't suppose a rough haired terrier shaking a rat experiences half the delight these youngsters feel when "shakin' ther stuff'ns outern" a young tree. Nor are they to be severely blamed for conduct which is the natural outcome of strong animal spirits unrestrained by the moral principles which should be firmly and tenderly inculcated at home and at school. What is there to hinder our school teachers making this a matter of special cultivation? Let them make it a point of honor with the lads to bear themselves well in public as in private, and in respecting the rights of others they will best learn to properly conserve their own whenever occasion shall demand. It is this spirit of mischief inherent in the human heart, which, uncurbed in youth, is the cause of half the vandalism of the day. High Park, one of the most beautiful breathing spots in the possession of the city, is early in the season denuded of its beautiful wild flowers, which are gathered and thrown away in the spirit of sheer wantonness. It is from the absence of special early training in this direction, that men—temporarily free of the law's arm—become the slaves of anarchy and the worst elements of communism. Let us, by all means, teach our children to respect the rights and the property of others, to eschew vandalism, and, in the tempted hour of manhood they will be less apt to depart from the principles inculcated in early youth.

Munchausen, Jr.

For Saturday Night.

I've met some liars in my time
Who won my firm respect,
For fancies tinged with the sublime
And judgment so correct.

But none before them made me bow
And do them rev'rence meet,
Save him who owned the brindle cow
That strayed on Stretcher street.

"That cow, my friends," he used to say,
"Does ne'er a thing by half,
She gives four pails of milk a day
And never had a calf."

'Twas needless to bedub it lie,
And all the tale's bad mess
"Why, that's her breed," he'd still reply,
"Her mother never had one."

DELAWARE, Ont. MARSONEE.

An Incident of the Indian Mutiny.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COASTGUARD'S YARN.

For Saturday Night.

"It's your turn now, Major," remarked Capt. Tom Foote of the ——th, as Jim Wilde finished a somewhat comical sketch of his adventure at the last regimental ball.

"Let's hear that story you promised us of Gordon who suicided or something."

On a general demand being made for the story in question the Major complied.

"Well," observed he, "I don't see why I shouldn't but it's very sad—poor Charlie," and he paused as a flood of recollection burst upon him of the time when he and Gordon had fought together under the tropical sun of India for the honor and glory of Old England.

It was a clear, starry night, this—towards the end of November, but quite cold. The trees, stripped of their leaves, looked as cheerless and bare without as did the scene, upon which the moon looked down in all her glory, appear cheerful and pleasant within. It looked in upon a select company of officers of the ——nd, who with a few friends, were gathered together in the large and beautifully furnished room set apart for their use in St. George's Barracks, London.

Major R., let me say, was the oldest and most experienced officer in the ——nd, and if he had a fault it was that he knew it, and mostly everyone else. Amongst other campaigns he had seen severe fighting in '57-8, and had some interesting tales to tell, which always commanded a hearing from those with whom he was associated.

It was one of the strangest stories I have ever heard, he remarked, as they all gathered round the blazing fire. I remember, it was in the spring of '57, that I was a captain in the 10th Foot, stationed at Danapur, ten miles from Patna. Gordon was my 1st Lieutenant, and a better or a braver man never led a charge. There were, besides, stationed at Danapur, two companies of the 37th, a company of European and a company of native artillery, and the 7th, 8th and 40th Regiments, native infantry. The divisional commander was Maj.-Gen. Lloyd, at the headquarters, Danapur.

The immediate cause of the rebellion at D. ——, was the act of collecting the percussion cap cases from the regimental magazines and those in the men's actual possession. A more difficult operation than that entrusted to the regimental officers of the native regiment can scarcely be conceived.

The demand for caps was the signal for mutiny. The 7th and 8th then began to fire on their officers, after which they left and together with the 40th, who were the last to join them, started in the direction of Arah on the 25th of July.

Four days after we marched on Arah, a detachment of two hundred and fifty men of the 10th with seventy Sikhs and some volunteers, constituted the force at our disposal, against whom were some six thousand rebels.

The result was disastrous. We were ambuscaded and several officers shot at the first discharge, while the enemy were invisible. It was a murderous affair. When the survivors reached Danapur it was found at the muster that only fifty men had not been hit. But revenge came soon. Eyre charged them on August 2nd, and won the day. The defence of Arah must ever occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of the Indian mutiny. In the charge which retrieved the honors of the day Gordon was a leading figure. He thought not of his own personal safety, but everywhere rushed into the thick of the fight, and by his example encouraged others—not that the men hesitated. They had not forgotten our defeat of the 29th, and although Major Eyre's force was far inferior in numbers to the detachment which had been cut off, yet the unflinching energy of officers and men has shown what sort of stuff the British soldier is as compared with his Asiatic fellow.

I am not going to criticize here the actions of the military officers in command at this time, suffice it to say that had more decisive measures been taken at the time the revolt would, in all probability, have never amounted to anything.

About this time some of us noticed a change in Gordon; it seemed as though a great sorrow had come on him; he would sit and think at times in a deep, abstracted way; but he said nothing, and we were left in doubt as to his troubles. It was very hot at this time, the temperature rose to a degree that you can scarcely imagine, and I know that Gordon used to lie awake at night for some purpose or another, as I could sometimes hear him wandering about in a restless manner when not on duty. In these days we worked hard; every man jack of us had to turn out and mount artillery ammunition boxes, unload wagons from the hold of the steamer, and collect commissariat supplies, and when the work was interspersed with some skirmishing to enliven things, it produced a played-out effect on the men.

Gordon was everywhere; he did not let his depressed spirits interfere with his work. This was well, for in occupation he must have found the greatest relief from his feelings; but he performed his duties in a mechanical way, as though his thoughts were far removed from the scene of his actions.

It was during the attack on Jagdispur that we first missed poor Charlie, and immediately ascribed his disappearance to the supposition that he had been taken by the enemy.

Jagdispur was a particularly desperate affair, for there were engaged two hundred of the 10th—the men who had been left from the first assault on the besiegers of Arah,—and they were burning with the desire to avenge their comrades and obliterate the remembrance of that disaster, and they did it. After bivouacking for the night, the small force came upon the enemy the following day. Now was the time for the 10th to wipe out the remembrance of the ambuscade; and such was their impatience, that almost before the order to charge could reach them, they rushed forward with a cheer; but before reaching the enemy, the latter broke and fled to the adjacent jungle. They were seized with a panic and left everything. Our men captured two guns and abundance of provisions. The evacuation took place in August, and our loss amounted only to some six officers.

Gordon's was a loss we could not easily remedy; however, Jack Orde, whom I appointed temporarily to his place, made a very good officer. He was possessed of a courage and intrepidity which won for many soldiers the Victoria Cross; he, however, owing to the ill-humor (I can ascribe it to nothing else) of an officer in command, at a later event during '58, was cut off from receiving a well-merited reward, and I am sorry to say he was not the only one who fared thus during that year.

But let us see what had become of Gordon. He had *deserted!*

Here I may state what I afterwards heard from poor Charlie, that he had been afflicted—may I say—with presentiments from his youth up. It was no idle fancy, for too often these uncalled-for mysterious promptings had come true. He could not explain them, and did not attempt to.

It is indeed a strange condition of the mind, on which much has been said and written, but as yet we cannot clearly account for these peculiar manifestations.

Gordon had become possessed of the idea that some unknown evil was impending over the one on earth whom he loved most, and do what he would—and he tried hard—he could not dispossess himself of the idea. For some days he stood the strain, and when at last he found it impossible to undergo it any longer, he determined on a course of action, which, though a grave crime in the eye of the military law, was the only course open to him. For most surely he never would have been granted leave on such a pretext. Well would it have been had he gone sooner? In disguise he made his way to the coast after a most severe journey. It was in the month of August, as I have said, the heat was excessive, and between the chances for sunstroke and death by the hands of wandering bands of mutineers, he certainly stood small chance of arriving at his destination in safety. However, he reached the coast and boarded a homeward-bound transport for Portsmouth. On his arrival he hurried with all speed to Aldenham, a little village thirty or forty miles inland, where he found to his surprise that his beloved—she whom he loved dearer than life itself—had disappeared a few months before, no one knew whither. It was a strange disappearance—almost as strange as his own. He immediately began an active search, and, aided by a detective, his efforts were rewarded in locating her in a madhouse in Edgbourne, a town some distance to the northwest of Aldenham. Thither he hastened, and by a hint from the detective, gained admittance, in disguise, to find her—alas! in a very weak state, and as he feared, dying. I cannot describe that meeting. It is too pathetic for words. Let me pass over it.

After a great deal of trouble Gordon managed to get her out of this den to a comfortable house, where she was carefully attended to by trained nurses.

Her story was brief. She had been incarcerated in this madhouse by a designing uncle, a scoundrel, whom the evil one could scarcely surpass in fiendish deeds. If she had married Gordon, who was tolerably well off, she was to receive a large income which her uncle hoped to come into by certain schemes of his own, and which entailed her disappearance, when she was given up for dead.

The terrible strain upon her was too much for her already weak nerves, she became ill, and in this condition, as I have stated, she was found.

Despite the most careful nursing she grew worse, and finally her reason gave way, but not before she had discovered to Gordon all she knew of the facts attendant upon her case. Gordon's grief knew no bounds.

With a desperate resolve, he determined to bring down on the head of him who had thus destroyed, not only his future happiness, but her whom he valued more than all, the most severe penalty the law allows.

Poor girl, she was relieved of all the trouble and sorrows of this world on the following day. It was better that she should have died than to have lived, a raving lunatic; so Gordon looked at it in his calmer moments. However, I am glad to say, that after several months of expensive litigation, he had meted out to the fiend who was guilty of the enormous crime, the penalty of imprisonment for life. The judge's speech on that occasion was a memorable one. I shall never forget it as I heard it from Charlie.

After this sad event, he became, indeed, a changed man. Fears were even entertained for his mind, but such a crisis was fortunately not then to come to pass.

The war was over. Our troops were victorious; but not without passing through some fearful scenes, such as it has seldom been the lot of soldiers to witness. A few of our men had been besieged at Nainceta. The siege lasted thirteen months, and during that time we heard that we were all that remained of the Christian religion in India.

It was an awful thought, and most of us were only too ready to believe it. We did not number more than seventy fighting men, but we held a commanding position and fortified it in such a manner that only one of the enemy at a time could approach us, while we posted sharpshooters at hand to drop the first man that advanced. Had it not been for the loyalty of a portion of the hill tribe adjoining us we must inevitably have perished, for without their aid our supplies would have run short.

We were eventually relieved by Havelock who had, with only four thousand, three hundred and seventy-nine men, marched nearly nine hundred miles with no commissariat or tents, and defeated Nana Sahib, having under his command about thirty thousand men. It was a brilliant piece of work, the like of which has never been done since.

But to return to my story. Gordon returned to India and gave himself up to the military authorities. He was tried by court martial and received sentence under the Mutiny Act of '60. He took it with a calm and dignified manner characteristic of himself at all times. For some time I neither saw nor heard anything of him, when one day, in a Madras daily, I was startled and horrified to read of his death by his own hand; he shot himself through the heart. Poor Charlie, how I loved him.

Thus perished a noble and brave man, and one of whom it might be said: "He died to do his duty;" but owing to a strange combination of circumstances he was led to do that which was the gravest crime of all. That he deserted is no proof that he did not try to do his duty. There are plenty of examples of men in whom love is stronger than duty, and in coming forward and giving himself up he displayed to the full that essential, not only of a good soldier, but of a noble man. Many have attributed his last dreadful act to the state of his mind, almost if not entirely gone. I am of that opinion for one, and here the Major brought his story to a close, when, as if to add emphasis to it, the wind, raising its voice, whistled round the building in a dismal, prolonged howl.

After thanking him for the narrative, each withdrew to his own quarters, leaving the Major dozing and dreaming over again the stormy scenes of '57.

One Man's Morning Hour.

I rise between seven and eight a.m. usually, and at once spread the bedclothes over the foot of the bed to let fresh air sweeten the sheets and destroy all effluvia. I then throw off my night dress, go to the washing bowl, wash my hands with soap, and then swill my face, ears and neck with water only. I rarely use soap to my face. Since leaving it off I find that my face is less covered with scurf. I then dip my hands in the water and rub my arms, chest, body and limbs with the wet hands. While still wet I dry my face, ears and neck, and then give my body a vigorous rubbing with the towel, and so get into a glow.

My head gets washed only every three weeks, as I find too much soap causes scurf in the head, bleaches the hair, and makes it brittle. I use a metal comb and brush, and use them just enough to make the hair assume a civilized form, as too much brushing pulls out the hair and weakens the scalp. Occasionally I go in for a little mild exercise before dressing, such as throwing my arms about, or stooping in various ways to exercise the muscles. When dressed, I go out for half an hour's walk before breakfast, no matter how cold, wet or foggy. I come in warm, hungry and bright. I take no food nor drink before going out.

Not a Charade.

Two gentlemen were talking together, when a third friend came up and joined them. "My first," one of the two gentlemen was saying to the other, "is cross-eyed, my second is dyspeptic, and my third is paralytic."

"Well," said the gentleman who had just come up, "how can we guess it unless you tell us what your whole is?"

"Guess what?"

"Why, your charade."

"Charade? I wasn't giving a charade, sir. I was talking about my three children!"

On Divers Strings.

Severance.

For Saturday Night.

The tide falls, and the night falls,
And the wind blows in from the sea,
The bell on the bar, it calls, and calls,
And the wild hawk screams from his tree.

The late crane calls to his fellows gone
In long flight over the sea,
And my heart with the crane flies on, and on,
Seeking its rest, and thee.

O, love, the tide returns to the strand,
And the crane flies back over sea,
But he brings not my heart from his far-off land,
For he brings not thee to me!

KING'S COLLEGE, Windsor, N. S. CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

Volapük.

For Saturday Night.

A language is a spacious, shimmering sea,
The voyager upon its heaving breast
Sees sun and stars rise, shine and sink to rest
And rise again from its infinity.
He who would know its hidden heart must be
A fearless seaman, skilled in sail and oar,
With seal unflagging only such explore
Its far-off shores and boundless mystery.

But lo! a pond dug in a day and night,
Its sides composed of Babel's bricks with skill
Cemented close to make it notion tight,
Yawns empty, waiting till kind sages fill
With wisdom, and the herds they labor for
Gather to drink at this small reservoir.

OTTAWA. WILLIAM MCGEE.

Blossoms! Wild Blossoms!

For Saturday Night.

Blossoms, wild blossoms! my heart goes a-Maying,
It bounds with a rapture I cannot repress;
It tells that in Eden-the-lost I am straying,
And toil finds no entrance, nor joy an egress.

Your enchantments bring back from the pages of story
The brave and the noble, the good and the fair,
All beautiful thoughts I have loved, and before me
My own better self when untrammeled by care.

Spices of Araby! here is your sweetness;
Flowers of the East is your beauty surpassed;
Loves of the Orient, famed for completeness,
Witness the bliss that was yours to the last.

Blossoms, wild blossoms! you give me a promise
That somewhere and sometime all skies shall be blue,
That even the memory of pain shall pass from us,
And all must be happy where all shall be true.

—IDRIS.

Invitation to Summer Boarders.

"Will you walk into my parlor!" says the landlord with a smile.
"We're fixed for summer boarders in the very latest style;
We've a second-hand piano and some gorgeous chromos gay,
A hammock and a tennis court—not big enough for play.

"Our little sweat-box bedrooms, with stained matting on the floors,
Are fitted up with extra nails for clothing on the doors;
The walls are newly papered—for the seventh time at least—
And bugs in beds of cobble-stones are eager for a feast.

"Our roachy, fly-specked dining-room has brand new bills of fare.
And boarders will be highly pleased—if they can live on air;
Our waiters cannot be excelled—for making people wait
And tipping dishes on 'em if their own tips aren't straight.

"We feed you farmers' vegetables—that were last summer canned,
And fresh eggs—from the city, and spring chickens—Noah's brand;
We furnish milk—like water, and the sweetest butter-ine;
Our view—of barns and shanties—is the finest ever seen.

"We've still and ocean bathing—in a pitcher and a bowl;
The fishing here is splendid—if you have a ten-foot pole:
The hunting is magnificent—for anything but game;
No 'skeeters or malaria—in winter—here we claim.

"Our prices are so little for the luxuries we give
That we have to crowd you in to make enough to live;
But fifty dollars weekly and big extras—Phew! It's hot!
Just walk into my parlor and we'll put you on a cot."

H. C. DODGE.

Trials of a Twin.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each one for another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin—
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.
And thus, you see by fate's decree,
Or, rather, nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me.
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question fruitlessly
To every one I knew:
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of our domestic life;
For, somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

Here and There.

Queen's Birthday is past and gone. It is pleasant to find that the holiday making and pleasure seeking on the initial summer holiday of 1888 has been unmarred by those accidents which, in bygone years, have so often turned the day of rejoicing and happiness into one of mourning and regret.

* * *

Pleasant also is it to know that we have still spared to us her who has deeply enshrined herself in the loyal heart of the nation. Judged from every standpoint, whether as maiden, wife, mother or Queen, she has proved herself as the embodiment of all the virtues, and although we do occasionally hear the fretful snarl of malcontents from remote and sunless stews of sedition, yet we know so well that the great heart of the British nation beats in sympathy with her who has so long, and so worthily swayed the sceptre of Britain.

* * *

The Art Fair, too, is happily relegated to the past. Ungrateful it may be to say it, considering the hard work and persistent effort of its participants, but even such will feel most thankfully that their labors are done. The general public can have but a limited idea of the amount of work involved in the carrying to a successful issue such a programme as that of the past two weeks. If virtue be its own reward, then verily the promoters have their reward.

* * *

Each season brings especial work in its train. The drowning season is with us, and unhappily the gruesome store house at the foot of Frederick street will hold the usual garner of precious lives before the leaves have fallen again.

* * *

This allusion to the morgue reminds the writer of an idea which has often presented itself when viewing the "subjects" stretched out on the slab: Why are the "unidentified" not photographed as is done in the sister house in Paris? There the bodies of the unidentified are photographed, and the photo, with a button or some portion of the dead man's clothing, is placed in the vestibule, so that in the event of friends visiting the place long after the body has been buried, or dissected, they may have all doubts set at rest.

* * *

This somewhat morbid subject brings back to memory a scene which occurred in Toronto some few years ago. Many of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will have a vivid remembrance of a night when Adelaide Neilson at the height of her dramatic career and in the full possession of her glorious beauty, was drawn in her carriage, by enthusiastic students, from the Grand Opera House to the Rossin. Little did those who saw her pass through the hall of the Rossin, amidst the deafening cheers of admiring men, imagine that in a few months her naked body would lie exposed to the gaze of Parisian curiosity within those walls of gloom on the Quai de Marche Neuf after that fatal draught of iced milk. But the outburst of indignation from British residents at this indecent exposure brought about a much desired reform. Since then, all bodies brought into the morgue lie under the fountains in the garb worn when found, prior to the arrival of friends coming to discharge the last decent offices for the dead.

* * *

It appears that a Shakespeare chair recently sold at auction in London is so narrow in the seat that the poet, if he ever sat on it, must have been smaller than most men. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly should examine that chair—closely. The dimensions may be of great value to his theory. If he could only prove that this chair, though too small for Shakespeare, was just large enough for Bacon, how enormously it would strengthen his theory. We have had enough of *a priori* arguments, and would not object to something *a posteriori* for a change.

* * *

One of the principal subjects of disagreement between the Empress Victoria and Bismarck was the nomination of the Princess Natalie Von Hatzfeld-Trachenberg to the important post of grand mistress of the imperial household. The Princess Natalie is one of the pillars of that court faction which, ever since the time of the Arnim scandal, has been striving to overthrow the Bismarck regime, and which came very near succeeding last summer at the time of the "forged letters" incident. Na'alie was warmly attached to her husband's favorite sister, the lovely wife of Prince Carolath-Beuthen, who, after being betrayed by Count Herbert Bismarck, was persuaded by him to desert home, her child, her place at court, and her position in society in order to elope with him to Italy. After traveling about for a couple of months in the south of France with the princess, who was one of the most delicate and frail looking beauties imaginable, Count Herbert finally tired of his charming mistress and deserted her at Venice, without making the slightest provision for her immediate necessities, or future life. Prince Carolath had, meantime, obtained a divorce from her, and completely ruined, both financially and socially, disowned by her family and friends, she who had loved but too well, made her way to Paris, where she suffered untold misery, humiliation and poverty. It was only two years later that, after diligent search, the unfortunate woman was discovered, almost in the gutter of the French metropolis, by her sister-in-law, the Princess Natalie Hatzfeld, who, since that time, has provided for all her relative's wants and treated her with unaltered feelings of affection.

* * *

Within the last few weeks Leo the Thirteenth has lost two of the most notable members of his court, by the totally unexpected death of Cardinal Czacki, and the sad mental affliction of Cardinal Howard. The latter, who is not yet sixty years of age, has become hopelessly insane. The first evidence of his state was afforded in the latter days of February, when suddenly, and without the slightest provocation, he threw himself on his favorite chaplain, who has been in his service for over twenty years, and administered to him a most terrible thrashing. The poor man was rescued, more dead than alive, from his master's hands. With the greatest difficulty the Duke of Norfolk succeeded in conveying his cousin to Paris. For the cardinal is an exceedingly powerful man of almost herculean proportions, and it required the services of no less than half a dozen stalwart mad-house keepers to control his fits of frenzy during the journey. On arrival at Paris, he was immediately taken to Dr. B.'s famous private lunatic asylum at Passy, where he soon subsided into a state of idiocy and imbecility which the doctors pronounce as incurable. Should the cardinal outlive the present Pontiff, an altogether unprecedented question will arise at the next Papal conclave with respect to the legality of his eminence's vote. In both the British Parliament and the French Legislature, the vote of any member who may have happened to become insane is regarded as perfectly valid, even though the fate of the nation may depend thereon. A demented cardinal, however, is as yet an unknown quantity, and considerable interest is expressed as to the manner in which the Sacred College will deal with the case.

* * *

In the light of recent criticisms, etc., on the late Matthew Arnold, it is interesting to note the following estimate of his genius, which was written so far back as 1858: "He is too cold and colorless. He does not thrust his hand into ours, pulsing warm with human feeling. He is not sensuous enough to be widely popular. He appeals to the intellect, to the neglect of passion and feeling, from which poetry still draws so much of its richest life. His muse is very pure and noble. She commands our respect and admiration, but we do not fall passionately in love with her. Reading his poems is somewhat like walking among the portraits in sculpture at the Crystal Palace; in that Hades of the departed, where the spirits of the past are ranged with their white faces and serene brows sitting in eternal calm." ST. GEORGE.

Great Danger in the Kiss.

The girls are making more trouble for the boys. The boys are pretty generally expecting something of the kind, and have been ever since that historical episode in the Garden of Eden, and yet it can not be fairly assumed that the girls intend to make trouble. Designing as they may be in some particulars, it would be unjust to say that they calmly seek to make life utterly undesirable to a large and unprotected part of the human race. But the new subject is one which can not be lightly treated, since it is having disastrous effects in some places. It is one which is going to make the kissing of some young women a deadly peril, and possibly in consequence destroy one of the sweetest luxuries of life.

Several instances have recently come to public attention in which the paint or cosmetics or powder, or all, which are used by some young women have proved to be poisons which have had not anywhere near such disastrous effects upon the girl who used them as upon the boy who has fed his love with her kisses. A case of this kind occurred not long since at Reading. The young man was very ill and the physician treated him for lead poisoning, with which he was pretty badly afflicted. An examination into the cause of it revealed the fact that his best girl had singularly rosy cheeks, which she made by the use of rouge, and the difficulty was at once explained. A similar case, although less severe in its results, has been brought out in St. Louis and the physicians are now quite free in tracing instances of lead poisoning in young men to the artificial color on the cheeks of young women.

Something of course needs to be done in a serious matter like this. For years the young women have been warned against the use of preparations for the complexion, but the caution does not avail with them. Now, however, when it is ascertained that the young woman who thus poisons herself is also likely to poison her very best young man, it is time to take action. If the boys cannot kiss the girls without incurring more than the natural dangers attending such event, life will not be worth much to some of them. If to the old gentleman's boot, and the big dog, and the small brother must be added the other peril of poison, kissing can hardly be considered up to concert pitch. The ordinary dangers are expected, and can be defied by any young man of courage, but he can be excused if he shrinks at poison.

And what are the girls going to do about it? Are they going to ruin a most delightful home industry by persisting in a policy of poison? If they don't change, the boys will have to surrender some of their happiness in the interest of health, and when the boys quit kissing the girls, they will be quite sure to quit painting. The reforms which years of professional warning have failed to accomplish may thus be brought about. Why shouldn't the boys try it?

Good Stuff.

Here is a pathetic story which well illustrates the social changes that have taken place in the South, though of course such cases as the following are extremely rare. What a duty the son has to perform before he will have proved himself worthy of such a mother!

A student has just entered one of the New Orleans colleges, whose education is to be paid for by the proceeds of his mother's labor in the cotton fields. In writing to enter him she said:

"At last I can give my boy the blessed privilege of education. I earned every penny by walking in the cotton fields picking cotton."

The cotton fields through which she walks were once hers, and slaves picked the snowy fleece, just as she does now. Was ever Spartan mother a truer heroine?

The three closing days of last week were enlivened by the presence of the great and only Tony Pastor and his star company at the Toronto Opera House. There is probably no other man on the road to-day with the same knack of gathering good specialties into the managerial fold as the evergreen Pastor. Unfortunately I missed a part of the musical Lindsays, but the little I saw convinced me of their ability to fill the bill in the special line they undertake. The sisters St. Albert were slightly disappointing, although fairly good on the whole.

*

Those eccentric vaulters and grotesque comedians, Revene and Athos, were too funny for anything. A very taking *gag* of the latter was a happy trick of sailing close to the panels as he slipped on and off the scene.

*

Then Tony himself appeared on deck and let off a trinity of song, the two latter in response to the tremendous encore which is so common to the reception of Tony Pastor by Toronto audiences.

*

Max Pettengill and his acting dog Jim were well worth the price of admission alone. I don't remember ever seeing a better imitation of the organ grinder's monkey than that given by the accomplished Jim.

*

Farrell and Willmott, the Irish dancing masters, did not strike me as up to concert pitch at the commencement, but they soon warmed up to their work and proved themselves master masons in Irish varieties.

*

The two Armstrongs were nightly good, and the wonder is they live to tell the tale, for never surely did two players give and take such thumpings and tumblings as did this pair of Lancashire Irishmen.

*

Little Tich has much to answer for. From the moment he left me, limp and helpless from exuberant risibility caused by his mad antics, and prancings around, he was inimitable. Imagine a player standing three feet eleven in his stockings, with a Roman nose and a pair of boots as long as himself, and which latter he handled, or footed, with the utmost ease, add to this the various comicalities natural to wayward genius in his line and you have a pretty good idea of Little Tich.

*

The last time I saw Miss Annie Oakley ("Little Sure Shot") was at the Wild West show in London, Eng., last year. Her feats are just as marvellous to the outsider as ever, although a nearer acquaintance, it is just possible, may give a more every-day impression of her accomplishments.

*

Messrs. Jacobs & Shaw gave Toronto theatergoers three good nights' entertainment on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week.

*

During the week Peck's Bad Boy has held the fort. If there is any real humor in this absurd extravaganza, I should like to know it. The good taste of the press has long ago relegated this product of George W. Peck to its proper position.

*

Saturated with irreverence, and thereby offensive to most people, this play is a dangerous educator for young folks. There is no demand here for Peck's Bad Boy. P. B. B. must go.

STAGE NOTES.

Things theatrical in the British metropolis at the present moment, present innumerable attractive features, and it may be truly said that the season now in progress is one of the best and most successful on record. Nearly all the theaters are prospering as they have not prospered for many years, and each has its own specialty.

Since the return of Mr. Irving and his company to the Lyceum, the theater has been doing its old big business with Faust. The doors are daily besieged by huge crowds and people begin to take up their positions at the Strand entrance as early as three o'clock in the afternoon. Irving will next produce Alfred Calmour's poetical play, the Amber Heart, chiefly on account of Ellen Terry, for whom the play was specially written. The piece is beautifully written, but I have an idea that it will prove too heavy for the average Lyceum audiences.

Miss Vokes and her husband, Cecil Clay, have about made up their minds to adopt America as their country. Mr. Clay has rented a flat in New York in which he will reside permanently hereafter, and it is not at all unlikely that Miss Vokes will send for her children and have them educated henceforth in America. They will probably spend the summer months, or part of them at any rate, at Lake Hopatcong, that prettiest of all New Jersey resorts. There will be but few changes in the *personnel* of their company next season, the majority of the present members having already signed new contracts.

When Jefferson was playing his famous part of Rip Van Winkle during an engagement at St. Louis he one night went to the theater after a long night's journey. The curtain rose on the third act and disclosed him deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten minutes elapsed but he did not awake. The audience grew impatient. At length the gallery waxed uproarious and yelled their delight at one of them enquiring "if there was going to be nineteen years more of this sleeping business." Still Jefferson slept on and actually snored. Opening a small trap door beneath the stage, the prompter prodded Rip from below, only to see him fumble in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket and hear him mutter: "Going clear through, conductor!" Of course this brought down the house.

Actresses who fear the approach of the constable may profit by the anecdote told of Lillian Lewis, who has been playing Lena Despard in As in a Looking Glass, in Detroit. When the man with the writ arrived Miss Lewis was dressing, and couldn't be disturbed. The constable waited till the lights had been turned out and the stage was dark. At last the key turned, the door opened and a flood of light streamed out. Standing in the glare was the occupant of the room—not the slim, graceful Lillian Lewis of the stage, but a woman of enormous waist and prodigious proportions. Three empty trunks made the setting for the tableau, which was seen only for a moment before the figure sailed majestically away. Miss Lewis had donned every scrap of wardrobe she possessed, and so kept it out of the clutches of the law.

When the eccentric Harry Webb (noted for his freaks of absentmindedness) was lessee of the Queen's Theater in Dublin, he produced Macbeth with new scenic effects. Among the rest, clouds descended to conceal the exit of the three witches in the first scene. Webb, anxious to discover how the scene worked, passed from the stage to the front, but he saw only two witches instead of three. Rushing back on the stage, he asked: "Where's the other witch?" Then to the stage manager: "Fine him, sir; fine him a week's salary." "Please sir," explained that perturbed functionary, "it's yourself that missed the scene." "Bless me, so it was! Dear me, give me a cloak: I'll go on in the next scene; and, Jenkins, fine yourself five shillings for suffering me to neglect my business." Sir!" exclaimed the dumbfounded Jenkins. "Yes, five shillings. It ought to be ten, but I'll take five."

Art and Artists.

T. M. MARTIN, R. C. A.

The above is a portrait of Mr. T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., the well-known artist who has been settled in Toronto for over a quarter of a century, during which time he has seen the rise and progress of art from its beginning until it has attained the very respectable growth evidenced by the Exhibition recently held at the Granite rink, at which some of his characteristic work was to be seen. Mr. Martin was born in 1838 at the Inner Temple, London, Eng., of which wealthy Inn of Court his father was for many years of his life Acting Treasurer, coming to Canada in 1862. After a short trial at farming in the backwoods, Mr. Martin settled down in Toronto. He has been a member of the Ontario Society of Artists from its commencement until lately, also a charter member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and, as he has always been an indefatigable worker, and spends no time in teaching, his pictures are widely known in Canada, almost every collector in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and the smaller towns having some picture from his brush. Mr. Martin was the originator, and for the first two years Director, of the Government art school, which position he resigned in order to devote himself entirely to painting. Among Mr. Martin's best pictures may be reckoned those in the Queen's collection at Windsor, in the Marquis of Lansdowne's, Mr. Drummond's, Mr. Hickson's and Ed. McKay's of Montreal, also those in possession of Senator Macdonald, and at the National Club on Bay street, and in many private collections in Toronto. The portrait of the late Dr. Davie, first master of the Normal School, now hanging, in that building, and that of Dr. McCaul, presented to the University by John Leys, M. P. P., are by him, and his large work, 10 years in hand, The Land of the Lotos Eaters, can be seen at his studio.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid had a very successful sale of their paintings and drawings on Wednesday last. A hundred and thirty pieces were exhibited. Mr. Reid's Drawing Lots, which we reproduced last week, was bought by Mr. Ewart.

Correspondence.

SAVAREEN'S DISAPPEARANCE.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

I have just finished reading the first part of Savareen's Disappearance, which appeared in your last issue, and, as I see you invite correspondence as to how Savareen disappeared, I hazard a few conjectures.

If Savareen did really pass the tollgate, either one of two things must have happened to him. He must have either gone on, met Lapierre or turned back and passed the tollgate. Now we know he did not pass the tollgate except when spoken with there, therefore he must have gone on, and, whether he met Lapierre or not, must have passed him in some way. Lapierre may have known he had the money with him, and killed him for it, but so far as I can see he would be a very unlikely man to do any such thing, and besides he could not possibly have killed him and got rid of the body and the horse in the short space of time that intervened between Savareen's leaving the toll-gate and Lapierre's arrival there. Perhaps Savareen may have turned into Stolliver's, and they may have made away with him in some way; but here time comes in the way again, for Stolliver and his boys were sitting on the fence smoking within a minute or two of the time Savareen left the toll gate. He certainly could not have gone to either side of the road; to do that he would have had to take the fence down to let his horse through, and long before he could have done that Lapierre would have come up.

However, it is useless to go on speculating, but the sooner the author sets the mind of the public at rest the better. TRADDLES.

THE PAVANE.

Editor Saturday Night:

The dance alluded to in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT as "a country dance and very different from the minuet," was in reality the ancient, grave and stately dance called the Pavane, Pavan or Pavin—three spellings being given in works on the subject. It was, of course, always danced by lords and ladies of high degree, in cloak, gown and sword, and the name Pavane was supposed by some to have come from the peculiar spreading out of these cloaks and dresses during its steps, thus suggesting the gorgeous tail of the Peacock, or, in Latin, *pavo*. The Pavane is equally as ancient and interesting as the Galliarde, the Gavotte, the Passe-pied or the Minuet. Many allusions to its stateliness and grace are to be found in works on musical history. The Pavane seems to have reached England in the 16th century from France, and is, at the present time, being revived with much enthusiasm in England. To the enterprise of Prof. Davis, I, as the *entrepreneur* of the Masque, and the delighted public, both owe the charming spectacle of the Pavane as paced in the May Masque. With regard to the libretto, Maid Marian (Miss Weatherstone) should not be styled the Village Beauty. Maid Marian was the sweetheart or wife of Robin Hood, and lived with him in Sherwood Forest, as the dialogue made quite clear, and as is universally understood. SERANUS.

Sending for the Doctor.

"I have established a rule never to go to see a patient at night unless I feel fully satisfied that the case requires immediate attention," said a well-known physician. Many doctors would gladly adopt the above decision, but they hesitate for various reasons. Some are just starting out in life; others find the building up of a lucrative practice such slow work that an assumption of independence on their part is not to be thought of. It is only by hard work and many sacrifices that a physician can ever hope to have his claim to independence recognized.

Many people are constantly inviting disease—for instance, a supper of fried oysters, hot biscuit, rich cake and strong tea or coffee will, in nine cases out of ten, ruin the strongest digestion, and the individual who is in the habit of gorging himself with highly-seasoned food late in the day will probably spend a great portion of his life regretting that he did not heed the warning when his overtaxed stomach cried, "Hold! enough!"

Fancy a tired, worn out physician plodding through a blinding snow storm, or drizzling rain at midnight to attend an individual who, doubled up with cramp and parched with fever imagine that he will surely die!

The doctor places his hand upon the patient's wrist, examines his tongue, then, with an expression of disgust upon his countenance, which he cannot conceal, prescribes a dose of oil, orders a warm bath, and rest.

"I would advise you to eat very little rich, heavy food. If you keep on abusing your stomach in this way, I will not answer for the consequences," says the doctor in a tone of annoyance.

The patient, with lamb-like docility, promises immediate reform, and while his body is racked with pain and his throat parched with fever, he vows to live on oatmeal, dry toast and "cambric" tea henceforth and forever. Recovery from the "spell" usually renders the individual entirely oblivious to the good resolution, and ere long he is again called upon to pay the penalty of indiscretion.

As the doctor tramps or drives homeward through the storm, we cannot blame him for lapsing into a state of mind similar to that of the druggist, who was aroused at twelve o'clock on a cold winter morning by a man who wanted to buy a—postage stamp!

How to Walk.

There is nothing that so thoroughly and unmistakably discloses just what a girl or woman is as her walk. In a drawing-room or at a ball, of course, a woman who is new to such scenes betrays it in every move, but when on the street the woman of fashion and the girl of society can be recognized by the initiated at a glance, no matter how she may be dressed. It is all in her walk. There is nothing so difficult, nothing so rare, in man or woman, as a good walk, and no girl can lay claim to style without it. Trollope, who was one of the closest of observers, in describing the grace of one of his heroines spoke of her walk as "a free stride from the hips." This is tolerably accurate, only a girl should not stride. But no one can have a good walk who makes very short steps. There are six rules which will insure a good walk if carefully observed. They are:—1, to throw the shoulders back; 2, to keep the body from any motion whatsoever; 3, to hold the head erect; 4, to place the foot squarely on the ground; 5, to keep the knees steady, and 6, to keep the elbows close to the side. There is nothing that so spoils a woman's carriage as projecting elbows.

Virtue in Onions and Beef.

What is the most strengthening food for a convalescent? Well, you know, the beef tea theory has been exploded. The most life-giving and digestible food that can be given to one just recovering from an illness is chopped beef. Just take a pound of the finest round of raw beef, cut off all the fat, slice two onions, and add pepper and salt. Then chop the onions and meat together, turning them over and over until both are reduced almost to a pulp. Then spread on slices of rye bread and eat as sandwiches. People talk about celery being a nervine, but let me tell you that there is nothing which quiets the nerves, without bad results, like onions. The use of them induces sleep, and much strength is obtained from them. That is my ideal food for those convalescing or for any one who is in a weak state of health.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The spy listened attentively and nodded; and with the index-finger of the right hand pressed upon the palm of the left he asked:

"How much money has the Doge borrowed for the use of the State?

"Full five thousand sequins."

"Of whom did he borrow?"

"Of the Jew Ben-badad."

"Did he give security?"

"He pledged his own jewels and plate."

"And, Signor, what do you suppose is the value of Alonzo de Verona's property in Venice?"

"It must be considerable," answered the Councillor, greedily. "His father's argosies were wont to come well laden, and all his ventures were profitable. I think the prince is the wealthiest noble in Venice."

"You are right, Signor. I have made an estimate, and the sum is not far from a million of sequins."

"Dagolfo!"

"A full million, Signor."

"Art sure?"

"I will stake my life upon the result of a proper apprizement."

"Santa Maria! The amount of the State's indebtedness might be paid from that without materially lessening the sum total."

"Exactly, Signor; and I think if the Doge could be put in the way of gaining half a million to the State coffers, he would willingly share whose gave him the golden opportunity to take the rest."

"Rinaldi's eyes sparkled, and his fingers worked with nervous eagerness. He began to comprehend his companion's meaning.

"'Dagolfo! But art sure it is a full million?'

"'Calculate for yourself, Signor. Think of the palaces, the ships, the warehouses, the jewels, the plate, and of the money in the hands of the banker.'

"'Who is the banker?'

"'The Jew Ben-badad; and he holds, of moneys deposited by the prince's father, and of family jewels and plate, more than half a million sequins.'

"By the host, Dagolfo, thou art right," cried Rinaldi, after a little thought. "And dost think thou canst bring the owner of all this wealth so surely into our hands that death and confiscation must follow!"

"I can do it, Signor."

"How!"

"Ah, that is my secret. Look ye, Rinaldi, and give heed, for I speak truly and soberly—I, and I alone, can bring Alonzo de Verona to this pass. Give me promise of my reward and I will bring every ducat of his possessions to sequestration."

"And thy reward, Dagolfo?"

"A half of a half."

"Explain."

"Is it not simple? You will see the Doge, and present him the proposition. You will give into his hands for the use of the State, or for his own use as chief ruler, one-half the confiscated estates, provided he will allow you to retain the other half; and of this latter half there shall be a further division, of two equal parts, one for you, and one for me."

"So you would have a quarter of a million?"

"Exactly."

"Why, that is a princely portion."

"And the same will be yours."

Rinoldi arose from his seat and paced slowly to and fro, with his head bent, and his hands clasped behind him. He was thinking—and no man could think more clearly when he set his wits at work.

"Dagolfo," he said, when he at length resumed his seat, "I have heard your proposition; now listen to mine: The golden prize cannot be divided as you have suggested. The State may take a half. So far so good. But you and I cannot share the other half. I am not the Secret Three. Mendoza and Alvado must come in. They must join me in adjudging the penalty upon the victim, and they will demand a share of the spoil. I cannot deceive them. You know them well. So let the half that is to be ours be divided into four equal portions instead of two. Agree to this, and I will see the Doge at once."

Dagolfo was disappointed, but he felt the force of the Councillor's reasoning, and he saw its justice, so far as there could be justice in a compact of villainy. And, furthermore, he knew enough of Rinaldi to know that his decision, once made, was final.

"Think," pursued the Councillor, while the spy hesitated, "if your estimate of De Verona's wealth be correct, you will receive, even by this apportionment, a sum that might make glad the heart of a duke."

"I consent, Signor."

"Good! good! And now the way is clear. With this bait for Mendoza and Alvado, I am sure of their entire concurrence; and if Giovanni is not more than human, we may count also upon him. But when can you bring the game to our net?"

"You shall not have long to wait after you bring to me the decision of the Doge."

"It is well, Dagolfo. If Giovanni has not retired, I will see him this very night."

"I think you will find him up, Signor. I saw his barge approach the Piazetta as I came upon the landing."

Giovanni, Doge of Venice, had not yet retired. He paced to and fro, in a sumptuously furnished apartment, like one who bears a heavy burden upon his mind. He was a man well advanced in years—full three-score—tall and well-formed, and of fair presence. Upon his brow were shadows of care, and all over his face deep lines of perplexity and unrest had been drawn. His countenance, at rest, was benign and mild, and he had once been a man well beloved by his friends and trusted by all who knew him. But the cares of office, the stern necessities forced upon him by the irresponsible Council of Ten, and the dread of the Secret Three, had so warped his spirit and so circumscribed his friendship that he was very unlike his former self. And yet he had not been a happy man when he accepted the ducal coronet. A great blow had even then fallen upon him, and he assumed the cares and responsibilities of the office more from a desire to forget his sorrow than from the dictates of ambition.

He was pacing thus to and fro when the velvet hangings of a door that opened towards the Council Chamber were drawn aside, and a man entered.

"Ha! Who dares thus intrude upon— Ah, Rinaldi, is it thou?"

"It is me, your highness. I thought I might find you up.

"Aye, Rinaldi," replied the Doge bitterly, "my senses are not fit for sleep; and yet I am weary enough, God knows."

"Your highness is in trouble."

"Trouble! By my ducal coronet, I would that thou couldst bear my burdens but for an hour."

"In truth, your grace, I have burdens enough of my own. But what hath happened? Is there revolt?"

"There is like to be revolt among those who have loaned me money for the State, Rinaldi."

"And so you are brooding over your debts!"

"Not over my debts; for myself I have contracted no debts; but for the Republic I have pledged all that I possess, and all that I possess will not suffice to meet the demands of creditors. The honor of the State is in my keeping, and I know not how I shall redeem it."

"What sum do you need to meet these demands?"

"A hundred thousand sequins should be paid within a month."

"Will your highness be seated? So—now listen to me: Suppose I should show you how you may put five hundred thousand sequins into the treasury?"

"Do not sport with me, Rinaldi."

"I am serious, your highness."

"Five hundred thousand! Why, our mint could not coin that sum in a twelvemonth."

"And yet I can show you how it can be gained to the coffers of the State."

"Rinaldi! Speak! By the Lion of Saint Mark! if thou canst tell me how the coffers can be thus made to overflow I'll count thee the bright genius of the Republic."

Thereupon Rinaldi went on, in a guarded manner, to lay before the Doge the proposition of the spy. Giovanni listened with deepest attention. Occasionally starting as though something had touched him near the heart.

"This Alonzo, of whom you speak, is son of the Count Antonio!" he said, when the story was finished.

"The Count Antonio was his father, your highness."

"And the Count Antonio was my best friend."

"And he is dead and gone, so let the friendship pass," said Rinaldi, impatiently. "In this business there can be no friendship, save for the Republic, of which you are guardian."

"But," urged the Doge, uneasily, "this youthful prodigal—"

"Hath laid himself liable to punishment," interrupted the Councillor. "I know how tender your heart is, and how gladly you would shield a friend from harm; but dare you throw the cover of your official mantle over the person of a traitor?"

Giovanni shuddered. He knew what dreadful penalties other doges had paid for having incurred the displeasure of the Three.

"I would not do that, Rinaldi."

"Then it remains only for you to decide whether you will take advantage of this golden opportunity."

"Who is it that possesses the power to do all this?" asked the Doge. "Who is the man that can bring a Venetian noble to the death, or let him go free, at pleasure?"

"Ah! your highness, that is a secret which I am not at liberty to divulge; and it might be more than your life is worth to know. I can only assure you that such is the fact."

"But," pursued the chief, "what is to be done with the other half of the prince's estates?"

Rinaldi shook his head, and smiled an ominous smile.

"Giovanni, I have shown you how you can gain to the coffers of the State gold enough to free Venice from debt, and re-establish her credit and her honor. If you will accept the proposition, it is well. If you reject it—"

"I do not reject it," cried the Doge, in alarm. "I only seek to know—"

"To know what, your grace?"

"O, Rinoldi! this is indeed a crown of thorns I wear! I am not my own master—nor yet my own man!"

"You have given yourself to the Republic, Giovanni, and if it hath proved a sacrifice, it is a most noble one. The Prince of Verona is doomed, and you cannot save him. You can only give direction to the result of confiscation. Will you gain to the State half a million, or will you leave Venice to struggle and sink in hopeless bankruptcy? No man, save yourself and the three Councillors, and the secret agent of whom I have spoken, will know aught of a single ducat went elsewhere than into the treasury. It is for you to decide. Speak!"

The Doge buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Anon he rose and paced slowly up and down the room, faltering at times and staggering like one who is blind. At length he paused and spoke. And he spoke not as a ruler speaks to a subject, but as speaks a slave to his master.

And very shortly afterwards the Councillor rejoined the spy, and told him that the work of death and confiscation might be done.

"Will the Doge be true to us?" said Dagolfo.

"He dares be nothing else!"

"Then leave the business in my hands, and await the result. Let no man interfere with Alonzo de Verona save myself. Shall it be so?"

"It shall."

"Your hand, Rinoldi! Now, my master, you shall see how Dagolfo can use his opportunity!"

CHAPTER VI.

A HEAVY BLOW.

But little sleep visited the pillow of Alonzo de Verona on the night of his adventure in the Square of St. Peter. The strange lady had invited danger to himself, but that gave him no unrest. He was too used to dangers to allow such a thought to worry him. It was of Zenella that he thought with doubt and anxiety. He had found her even more beautiful than his memory and imagination had pictured; and he knew that his love was returned. He had found her, but how? Not only in the midst of impending evil, but surrounded by influences that threatened destruction to his brightest hopes. And then the mystery he had discovered in the home of Adrian Gonsalvo. Its shadow was dark, and he could not drive away the fancy that his own fate was in a measure enveloped in the gloom thereof. And how like the fate of the beautiful Lucretia might be the fate of his own Zenella! Concealed to live in secret, hiding from dangers she could not lift from her life. But he did not mean that Zenella should remain in Venice. On the first opportunity he would bear her away to a safer home.

In the morning the prince arose, and when he had breakfasted he went out upon the canal, and proceeded towards the Church of St. Jeremiah. He passed the dwelling of Gonsalvo, and looked up at the windows; but no human face could he see. He was strongly tempted to ascend to the door, but he remembered the caution of the count, and his own promise, and with a heavy heart he moved on. At noon he passed again through the Canal of St. Jeremiah, with a like result.

When the shades of evening were falling he waited impatiently for the coming of the count. The moments passed heavily away, and he received no sign. The suspense was too great! Why did not Gonsalvo come? Or, why did he not send some word? Something unusual must have happened. There might be trouble, and Zenella involved. At a late hour he directed Beppo to summon his gondola, and having put on a crimson mask, and thrown a cloak of dark Veronese cloth over his shoulders, he set forth, accompanied by his faithful valet.

He had told Beppo the story of the adventure of the previous night; so the devoted henchman knew the need of keeping his eyes about him. They took a circuitous route, approaching the Canal of St. Jeremiah from the east, and passed the dwelling of Gonsalvo without seeing even a light.

"By Saint Mark! I will ascend to the door and knock," said the prince.

"Not here, Signor," interposed Beppo. "We are followed, I am sure. There is a gondola in our wake which has kept us in sight since we left the Grand Canal."

Alonzo turned, and saw the gondola alluded to just emerging from the shadow of the Church of St. Jeremiah.

"We will go on to the Square of Saint Peter," he said. "That will be better." And he directed his gondolier to ply his oars smartly.

Ere long they were at the landing, where Rinaldi and the spy had been interrupted on the night before, and here the prince leaped from the boat, directing his valet to follow him. They entered the square, and had come very near to the dwelling of the count, when Beppo pulled his master by the sleeve.

"My lord, we are watched at every turn."

"How now, Beppo?"

"Do you not see that dark figure crouching by yonder vestibule? I will stake my life that a spy is upon our track. Surely you would not lead the wolf directly to the fold?"

"You are right, Beppo."

"And," pursued the valet, "this very system of espionage may have prevented the count from communicating with you. See, the man has stopped and is watching our motions. We must not seem to be frightened away. Of course you will not venture to call at the count's."

"No, Beppo, I must not. It is hard, but I will not bring needless danger upon my friend. We will return."

"Not yet, my lord. We must lead yonder spy from the track, if we can. Will you follow me?"

"Lead on."

Thus bidden, the valet proceeded, at an ordinary pace, towards a far angle of the square, where he ascended to a door and knocked. The summons was answered by a woman, of whom Beppo inquired if the French marquis, Jean de Sévray, were abiding there. The woman said he was not. Could she tell where he might be found? She had never heard of any such marquis, and could consequently tell nothing about him. The applicant begged pardon for the trouble he had given, and then rejoined his master, to whom he said, loud enough to be heard by the man who crouched upon the opposite side of the square:

"We have been misinformed, Signor, and must seek elsewhere for the marquis. There is an inn upon the Rialto the Frenchmen frequent. We may find him there."

"Then to the Rialto let us go," said the prince, and the two took their way towards the landing.

As soon as they reached the Grand Canal Beppo took one of the oars, and it was very soon evident that the spy had been left behind. They stopped not until they had reached the marble staircase of the Verona palace, where the prince dismissed the gondola, and ascended to the vestibule. He met Bernardo in the hall, and asked if the Count Gonsalvo had been there. The old man shook his head and the prince went to his own chamber, whither Bernardo followed him.

"How now, Bernardo? Your countenance gives token of trouble."

"My dear master," said the aged servant, when he had closed the door carefully behind him, "I pray you, give over this wild phantasy. You have asked for the Count Adrian Gonsalvo. Do you know the secret of his life?"

"Do you know it, Bernardo!" asked the prince.

"I know it."

"Ha!—then it is a secret no longer."

"It may be a secret, as yet, from those who would do him harm, my lord; but how long it can remain so no man can tell. Your father told it to me—told it when he bore Zenella away, and I know that he did it to shield you from the evil which rests upon Gonsalvo. For your own sake—for the young count's sake—take no part in his affairs."

"Good Bernardo," returned the prince, "you need have no fears. The present relations between Gonsalvo and myself were forced upon us by circumstances entirely beyond our control; and it is my desire that his part in my affairs should end as speedily as possible."

"And, my lord, will you not also give over—"

"Hush! Bernardo. Say no more. Leave me alone for the present. I would not speak harshly to thee; and I am not in the mood for pleasant counsel. Leave me, my friend, and believe that all shall be well with this house."

The old man reluctantly withdrew, and when he was gone, the prince disrobed himself, and sought his pillow; but not for refreshing sleep. There was too much of harrowing thought upon his mind—too much of doubt and anxiety. But he was young and hopeful, and he would not believe that the bright star of destiny was to set in gloom.

Another morning dawned, and after Alonzo had broken his fast, he repaired to the library, there to wear away the hours in anxious waiting.

The bell in the clock tower of St. Mark had struck the hour of noon, when a servant announced to the prince that a stranger wished to see him.

"Do you know his business?"

"No, my lord. He said his business was for your private ear."

"Lead him hither at once."

When the servant returned, he was followed by a man, whom he introduced into the library, having done which, he retired closing the door behind him.

The new-comer wore a dark mantle, drawn well up around the shoulders, and a broad-brimmed hat, pulled low down upon his brow. His face was dark, and heavily bearded, with features of a Moorish cast.

"Signor," spoke the prince, arising, "what is your pleasure with me?"

"First, my lord, are we alone?"

"Entirely so."

The foreign face was only a silken film; and when it had been removed, Alonzo beheld the man for whom he had been so anxiously waiting.

"Gonsalvo!"

"Yes, my dear Alonzo, I am here at length. I could not come before."

"By my soul, Adrian, I have waited anxiously."

"I know it," returned the count, throwing off his cloak, and taking a proffered seat. "I saw you pass by house yesterday, and I would have given you some sign had I dared; but you were followed by a spy of the Council, though I think you knew it not."

"By Dagolfo!"

"No, it was not he; but probably one of his creatures. Ah, I know these spies, my friend, I have made it my business to find them out."

"All is well that ends well," said the prince, trying to smile. "I passed your house twice; but no spy can be the wiser; for I peered up at other houses as sharply as I did at yours. And now, Adrian, tell me of Zenella. Is she safe?"

"I think we may so consider."

"And well?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But you speak dubiously, Gonsalvo."

"As one must ever speak who hath such fear before his eyes as looms up in my future. But, my dear Alonzo, I would ask you a question. Pardon me, but I think my reasons for asking are sufficient."

"Go on, Adrian. I will answer you truly and frankly."

"Alonzo, I would like to hear Zenella's story. How came she beneath your father's roof? Whence came she, and when?"

"I will tell you all that I know, Gonsalvo. It is now six years ago—one year before I went away—that my father brought her home. He said that her parents had died in the East, and that her father had been a Venetian gentleman—I think he said of patrician stock."

"Did he ever tell you her family name?"

"No. I asked him, but he said it was a secret. I asked Zenella, but she only wept when spoke of her parents; and finally my father obtained from me a promise that I would seekr no more to solve the mystery. But I know it now, Gonsalvo. Her father was a banished noble."

The count nodded, and Alonzo proceeded:

"Zenella was then thirteen, but she was almost womanly in grace and understanding; and in beauty she surpassed anything I had seen before save one. We were together most of the time for a year, and during that year I learned to love her with a fervor and a devotion that became a part of my very being. She also loved me; and beneath the influence of that love she betrayed a woman's heart, and a woman's faith—such faith as women possess who are true to the nobler and grander instincts of the nature that lifts woman, in her love and purity and fidelity, near to heaven. At the end of a year my father sent me away, as you know. Had I then suspected that he sought to separate me from the being who had become so dear to me, I should have resisted; but I suspected nothing of the kind. Ah! little did he know my heart if he thought a few short years of separation could erase therefrom the image of my love. I have never forgotten her; and now that I have seen her once again, my love is, if possible, more fervent then ever. You have seen her rest upon my bosom, and you can judge if any earthly consideration can separate me from her."

The count trembled and bowed his head in silence.

"Gonsalvo! Why do you shrink and hide your face? You have something to tell me. Speak!"

"Alonzo," spoke the count, looking up, "what I have to tell you I can tell in a very few words. But be not alarmed. No calamity has befallen your love; and it may be better as it is. Listen:

"Yesterday Zenella remained with Lucretia—"

"With your wife?"

"Hush! Let not that word escape your lips when there are walls that may echo the sound! She was with Lucretia, and saw you pass. At night, when she had retired to her chamber, she heard your voice in the square. Ah, how sharp and sure are the ears of woman's love! This morning, when Lucretia went to call our guest, she found an empty chamber, and—"

"Zenella gone!" gasped the prince, starting up.

"Hush, Alonzo! Hear me through. Zenella was gone, and upon the table she had left a note directed to me. She wrote that she was going to seek her own home, where she was sure her kind guardian would protect her. She knew that her presence beneath our roof was dangerous to us, and she dared not burden us. She had seen the spirit of unrest which Lucretia's love had not conquered, and knew too well whence it arose. Inclosed in the note to me was this, for you.

"With trembling hand and pain-marked face, Alonzo took the missive, and this was what he read:

"Alonzo: Blame me not for the step I am about to take. If I have done less I might longer hesitate. You have seen how Gonsalvo and Lucretia suffer. Do you know the evil that hangs like a cloud upon them? The same evil would follow our union. The possession of my hand in marriage would blast your life forever! I feel it—I know it. We must not meet again. Until I know how the Count Gonsalvo and his lovely companion suffered, I realized not the terrors of the abyss into which love for me would lead you. He will tell you what that suffering is. Adieu, my Alonzo! And may God bless and keep you, and the good angels guard you ever. ZENELLA."

The paper dropped from the prince's hand, and he started to his feet.

"Gonsalvo! whither has she gone?"

"I know not, Alonzo."

The prince strode across the room, and came back.

"Adrian Gonsalvo, a great evil hangs over your life!"

"Yes, my friend, an evil dark and lowering."

"Then why do you not forsake the woman whose connection hath brought this evil upon you?"

"Forsake my Lucretia?"

"Aye."

"As well ask me to tear out my own heart, and cast it forth to the beasts of prey!"

"Adrian, you have said it! Do you think I love Zenella less than you love Lucretia?"

"But Alonzo, Lucretia is my—my—wife!"

"And so, in the sight of Heaven, is Zenella mine. My heart is here—my life is here—and she has my solemn pledge of faith. Come what may—come danger—come death—I will seek her till I find her! Not a word more now. I have spoken, and so it shall be. But, my dear Adrian, I will not compromise you. I will lead the way for no more spies to your house. Do you understand me?"

"I understand."

"And you do not deem me mad!"

"Mad, Alonzo! Only mad with love; and to that madness I must plead guilty with yourself."

(To be Continued.)

His Beverage.

Eleanor—You never drink, darling, do you?
Hugh—I regret to say I do.
Eleanor—Oh, for shame! My father will not let me marry. What do you generally drink?
Hugh—Water. I have to; I am only human.
Eleanor—Oh, you darling!
(And Hugh skilfully conceals a three-pint flask.)

An Affair in High Life.

First man of the World—What's the matter, Plantagenet, with you and Maud; are you no longer friends?

Second Ditto—A trifling misunderstanding. I drove the governor's coal cart around to her house last Sunday to give Maud a drive on the avenue. When I reached the door the thought struck me that the horse, being a white one, and Maud's hair a bright red—

Third Ditto—Ah, she thought it a put up job!

First Ditto—Exactly; and we haven't spoken since, although, egad, I belive she loves me still.

For Old Sake's Sake.
Henry—Lend me $5.
Charles lends it.
Henry gives it to beggar-woman.
Charles—Why did you give her so much?
Henry—She was my wife once upon a time.

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A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mooning Bay," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEVEN LONG YEARS, BELOVED, SEVEN LONG YEARS.

And so Grif disappeared from the haunts of Vagabondia, and was seen no more. And to Aimee was left the delicate task of explaining the cause of his absence, which, it must be said, she did in a manner at once creditable to her tact and affection for both Dolly and the unconscious cause of all her misery.

"There has been a misunderstanding," she said, "which was no fault of Dolly's, and scarcely a fault of Grif's; and it has ended very unhapsily, and Grif has gone away, and just at present it seems as if everything was over—but I can't help hoping it is not so bad as that."

"Oh, he will come back again—safe enough," commented Phil, philosophically, holding paint-brush No. 1 in his mouth, while he manipulated with No. 2. "He will come back in sackcloth and ashes; he is just that sort—you know—thunder and lightning, fire and tow. And they will make it up ecstatically in secret, and pretend that nothing has been the matter, and there will be no going into the parlor for weeks without whistling all the way across the hall."

"I always go in hoping that they will have had a quarrel," said Mollie, looking up from a half-made pinafore of Tod's which, in the zeal of her repentance, she had decided on finishing.

"Not a bad plan, either," said Phil. "We all know how their differences of opinion terminate. As to matters being at an end between them, that is all nonsense; they couldn't live without each other six months. Dolly would take to unbecoming bonnets, and begin to neglect her back hair, and Grif's wrath would take to prussic acid or absinthe."

"Well, I hope he will come back," said Aimee; "but, in the meantime I want to ask you to let the affair rest altogether, and not say a word to Dolly when she comes. It will be the kindest thing you can do. Just let things go on as they have always done, and ignore everything new you may see."

Phil looked up from his easel in sudden surprise; something in her voice startled him, serenely as he was apt to view all unexpected intelligence.

"I say," he broke out, "you don't mean that Dolly is very much cut up about it?"

The fair little oracle hesitated. Remembering Dolly's passionate despair and grief over that "dead letter," she could scarcely trust herself to speak.

"Yes," she answered at last, feeling it would be best only to commit herself in Phil's own words, "she is very much cut up."

"Whew!" whistled Phil, "that is worse than I thought!" and the matter ended in his going back to his picture and painting furiously for a few minutes with an almost reflective air.

They did not see anything of Dolly for weeks. She wrote to them now and then, but she did not pay another visit to Bloomsbury Place. It was not the old home to her now, and she dreaded seeing it in its new aspect—the aspect which was desolate of Grif. Most of her letters came to Aimee, but she rarely referred to her trouble, rather seeming to avoid it than otherwise. And the letters were bright enough seeming, too. She had plenty to say about Miss MacDowlas and their visitors, and her own duties; indeed, any one but Aimee would have been puzzled by her courage and apparent good spirits. But Aimee saw beyond the surface, and understood, and understanding, was fonder of her than ever.

As both Dolly and herself had expected, Mollie did not keep her secret from the oracle many weeks. It was too sad for her to bear alone, and one night, in a fit of candor and remorse, she poured out everything from first to last, all her simple and unsophisticated dreams of grandeur, all her gullibility, all her danger—everything, indeed, but the story of her pitiful little fancy for Ralph Gowan. She could not give that up, even to Aimee, though at the close of her confidence she was unable to help referring to him.

"And, as to Mr. Gowan," she said, "how can I ever speak to him again! but, perhaps, he would not speak to me. He must think I am wicked and bold and hardened—and bad," with a fresh sob at every adjective. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" burying her face in Aimee's lap, "if I had only stayed at home and been good, like you. He could have respected me, at least, couldn't he? And, now—oh, what am I to do!"

Aimee could not help sighing. If she only had stayed at home, how much happier they all might have been! But she had promised Dolly not to add to her unhappiness by hinting at the truth, so she kept her own counsel.

It was fully three months before they saw Ralph Gowan again. He had gone on the continent, they heard. The fact was delicacy had prompted his journey. As long as he remained in London he could scarcely drop out of his old friendly position at Bloomsbury Place, and he felt that for a while at least Mollie would scarcely find it easy to face him. So he went away and rambled about until he thought she would have time to get over her first embarrassment.

But at the end of the three months he came back, and one afternoon surprised them all by appearing amongst them again. Mollie, sitting perseveringly at work over her penitential sewing, shrank a little and dropped her eyelids when he came in, but she managed to behave herself with creditable evenness of manner after all, and the rest welcomed him warmly.

"I have been to Brabazon Lodge," he said at length to Aimee. "I spent Thursday evening there, and was startled at the change I found in your sister. I did not know she was ill."

Aimee started herself, and looked up at him with a frightened face.

"Ill!" she said. "Did you say ill?"

It was his turn to be surprised then.

"I thought her looking ill," he answered. "She seemed to me to be both paler and thinner. But you must not let me alarm you—I thought, of course, that you would know."

"She has never mentioned it in her letters," Aimee said. "And she has not been home for three months, so we have not seen her."

"Don't let me give you a false impression," returned Gowan, eagerly. "She seemed in excellent spirits, and was quite her old self; indeed, I scarcely should imagine that she had yourself placed sufficient stress upon the state of her health. She insisted that she was well when I spoke to her about it."

"I am very glad you told me," answered Aimee. "She is too indifferent sometimes. I am afraid she would not have let us know. I thank you, very much."

He had other thanks before he left the house. As he was going out, Mollie, in her character of porteress, opened the hall door for him, and, having opened it, stood there with Tod's new garment half concealed, a pair of timid eyes uplifted to his face, a small, trembling, feverish hand held out.

"Mr. Gowan," she said, in a low, fluttering voice. "Oh, if you please—"

He took the little hot hand, feeling some tender remorse for not having tried to draw her out more and help her out of her painful shyness and restraint.

"What is it, Mollie?" he asked.

"I want—I want," fluttering all over, "I want to thank you better than I did that—that dreadful night. I was so frightened I could scarcely understand. I understand more—now—and I want to tell you how grateful I am—and how grateful I shall be until I die—and I want to ask you to try not to think I was very wicked. I did not mean to be very wicked—I was only vain and silly, and I thought it would be such a grand thing to—to have plenty of new dresses," hanging her sweet, humble face, "and to wear diamonds, and be Lady Chandos, if—if Mr. Chandos came into the title. Of course that was wicked, but it was just—I wasn't as bad as I seemed. I was so vain that—that I was quite sure he loved me, and would be very glad if I married him. He always said he would." And the tears rolled fast down her cheeks.

"Poor Mollie!" said Gowan, patting the trembling hand as if it had been a baby's. "Poor child!"

"But," Mollie struggled on penitently, "I shall never be foolish again. And I am going to try to be good—like Aimee. I am learning to mend things; and I am beginning to make things for Tod. "This," holding up her work as proof, "is a dress for him. It isn't very well done," with innocent dubiousness; "but Aimee says I am improving. And so, if you please, would you be so kind as not to think quite so badly of me?"

It was all so humble, and pretty, and repentant, that it was quite touched by it. That old temptation to kiss and console her made it quite dangerous for him to linger. She was such a lovable sight with her tear-wet cheeks, and that dishevelled, faithfully-worked-at garment of Tod's in her hand.

"Mollie," he said, "will you believe what I say to you?"

"Oh, yes!" eagerly.

"Then I say to you that I never believed you wicked for an instant—not for one instant; and now I believe less than ever that you are wicked. I believe you are a good, honest little creature. Let us forget Gerald Chandos—he is not worth remembering. And go on with Tod's pinafores and dresses, my dear, and don't be discouraged if they are a failure at first—though to my eyes that dress is most sumptuous affair. And as to being like Aimee, you cannot be like any one better and wiser and sweeter than that same little maiden. There! I mean every word I have said."

"Are you sure?" faltered Mollie.

"Yes," he replied, "quite sure."

He shook hands with her, and, bidding her good-night, left her standing in the narrow hall all aglow with joy. And he, outside, was communing with himself as he walked away.

"She is as sweet in her way as the other," he was saying. "And as well worth loving. And what a face she has, if one only saw it with a lover's eyes! What a face she has, even seeing it with such impartial eyes as mine!"

"My dear Dolly!" said Aimee.

"My dear Aimee!" said Dolly.

These were the first words the two exchanged when, the evening after Ralph Gowan's visit, the anxious young oracle presented herself at Brabazon Lodge, and was handed into Dolly's bed-room.

Visitors were expected, and Dolly had been dressing, and was just putting the finishing touches to her toilet when Aimee came in, and seeing her as she turned from the glass to greet her, the wise one could scarcely speak; and, even after she had been kissed most heartily, could only hold the girl's hand and stand looking up into her changed face, feeling almost shocked.

"Oh, dear me, Dolly!" she said again. "Oh, my dear, what have you been doing to your self?"

"Doing!" echoed Dolly, just as she would have spoken three or four months ago. "I have been doing nothing, and rather enjoying it. What is the matter with me?" glancing into the mirror. "Pale? That is the result of Miss MacDowlas' beneficence, you see. She has presented me with this grand black silk gown, and it makes me look pale. Black always did, you know."

But notwithstanding her readiness of speech, it did not need another glance to understand what Ralph Gowan had meant when he said that she was altered. She was altered. The lustreless heavy folds of her black silk might contrast sharply with her white skin, but they could not bring about that subtle, almost incomprehensible change in her whole appearance. It was such a subtle change that it really was difficult to comprehend. One could not say where it began or where it ended. The round, lissome figure she had always been so pardonably vain about, and Grif had so admired, had fallen a little—only a little—giving just the ghost of a hint at a greater change which might show itself sooner or later; her face seemed a trifle more clearly cut than it ought to have been, and the slender throat, set in its surrounding Elizabethan frill of white, seemed just a little more slender than it had used to be. Every change slight enough, but altogether giving a shadowy sort of suggestion of alteration to affectionately critical eyes.

"You are ill," said Aimee. "And you never told me. It was wrong of you. Don't tell me it is your black dress; your eyes are too big and bright for any one who is well, and your face is thinner than it ever was before. Why, I can feel the difference as I hold it, and it is as feverish as it can be."

"You good, silly little thing!" said Dolly, laughing. "I am not ill at all. I have caught a cold, perhaps, but that is all."

"No, you have not," contradicted Aimee, with pitiful sharpness. "You have not caught cold, and you must not tell me so. You are ill, and you have been ill for weeks. The worst of colds could never make you like this. Mr. Gowan might well be startled and wonder—"

"Mr. Gowan!" Dolly interrupted her. "Did he say that he was startled?"

"Yes, he did," Aimee answered. "And that he was what brought me here. He was at Bloomsbury Place last night and told me all about you, and I made up my mind that minute that I would come and judge for myself."

Then the girl gave in. She sat down on a chair by the dressing-table and rested her forehead on her hand, laughing faintly, as if in protest against her own subjugation.

"Then I shall have to submit," she said. "The fact is, I sometimes fancy I do feel weaker than I ought to do. It isn't like me to be weak. I was always so strong, you know—stronger than all the rest of you, I thought. Miss MacDowlas says I do not look well. I suppose," with a half sigh, "that every one will see it soon. Aimee," hesitating, "don't tell them at home."

Aimee slipped an arm around her, and drew her head—dressed in all the old elaborateness of pretty coils and braids—upon her own shoulder.

"Darling," she whispered, trying to restrain her tears, "I must tell them at home, because I must take you home to be nursed."

"No, no!" said Dolly, startling. "I shall never do. It would never do even to think of it. I am not so ill as that—not ill enough to be nursed. "Besides," her voice sinking all at once, "I couldn't go home, Aimee—I could not bear to go home now. That is why I have stayed away so long. I believe it would kill me!"

It was impossible for Aimee to hear this and be silent longer. She had, indeed, only been waiting for some reference to the past.

"I know it was that," she cried. "I knew it the moment Mr. Gowan told me. And I have feared it from the first. Nothing but that could have broken you down like this. Dolly, if Grif could see you now, he would give his heart's blood to undo what he has done."

The pale little hands lying upon the black dress began to tremble in a strange, piteous weakness.

"One cannot forget so much in so short a time," Dolly pleaded. "And it is so much—more than even you think. One cannot forget seven years in three months—give me seven months, Aimee. I shall be better, when I have forgotten."

Forgotten! Even those far duller of perception than Aimee could have seen that she would not soon forget. She had not begun in the right way to forget. The pain which had made the pretty, lissome figure and the soft, round face look faintly wrong, was sharper to-day than it had been even three months before, and it was gaining in sharpness every day, nay, every hour.

"The days are long," she said, plaiting the silk of her dress on the restless hands. "We are so quiet, except when we have visitors, and somehow visitors begin to tire me. I never ever knew what it was to be tired before. I don't care even to scatter the Philistines now, trying to make me. "I am not even roused by the prospect of meeting Lady Augusta to-night. I forgot to tell you she was coming, didn't I? How she would triumph if she knew how I have fallen out—and how miserable I am! I can need to say I had not a thought above the cut of my dresses. She never knew about—him, poor fellow!"

It was a curious thing to see how she still clung to that tender old pitying way of speaking of Grif.

Aimee began to cry over her again, promptly. It was not the first time she had cried over her, and it was far from being the last.

"You must go home, Dolly," she said. "You must, indeed. You will get worse and worse if you stay here. I will speak to Miss MacDowlas myself. You say she is kind to you."

"Dear little woman," said Dolly, closing her eyes as she let her head rest upon the girl's shoulder. "Dear, kind little woman! I am glad it will be best for me to stay here. It is as I said—indeed it is. If I were to go home I should die! Oh, don't you know how cruel it would be! To sit there in my chair and see his old place empty—to sit and hear the people passing in the street and know I should never hear his footsteps again—to see the door open again and again, and know he would never, never pass through. It would break my heart—it would break my heart!"

"It is broken now!" cried Aimee, in a burst of grief, and she could protest no more.

But she remained as long as she well could, petting and talking to her. She knew better than to offer her threadbare commonplace comfort, so she took refuge in talking of life at Bloomsbury Place—about Tod and Mollie and Tolnette, and the new picture Phil was at work upon. But it was a hard matter for her to control herself sufficiently to conceal that she was almost in an agony of anxiousness and foreboding. What was she to do with this sadly-altered Dolly, the mainspring of whose bright, spirited life was gone? How was she to help her if she could not restore Grif—it was only Grif she wanted—and where was he? It was just as she had always said. It would be—without Grif, Dolly was Dolly no longer—for Grif's sake her faithful, passionate girl's heart was breaking slowly.

Lady Augusta encountering her ex governess in the drawing-room that evening, raised her eyeglass to that noble feature, her nose, and condescended to a questioning inspection, full of disapproval of the heavy, well-falling black silk and the Elizabethan frill.

"You are looking shockingly pale and thin," she said.

Dolly glanced at her reflection in an adjacent mirror. She was looking fair and shadowyed, but she was too prosperous and comfortable little audacity by her recognition of the fact. She only smiled faintly, in silence.

"I was not aware that you were ill," proceeded her ladyship.

"I cannot say that I am ill," Dolly answered. "How is Phemie?"

"Euphemia," announced Lady Augusta, "is well, and, I trust," as if she rather doubted her having so far overcame old influences of an evil nature, "I trust improving, though I can hardly hear from her preceptress that she is singularly deficient in application to her musical lessons."

Dolly thought of the professor with the sunny face, and smiled again. Phemie's despairing letters to herself sufficiently explained why her progress was so slow.

"I hope," said her ladyship to Miss MacDowlas, afterwards, "that you are satisfied with Dorothea's manner of filling her position in your household."

"I never was so thoroughly satisfied in my life," returned the old lady stiffly. "She is a very quiet-witted, pleasantly natured girl, and I am extremely fond of her."

"Ah," waving a majestic and unbending fan of carved ivory. "She has possibly improved them. I observe that she is going off very much—in the matter of looks, I mean."

"I heard a gentleman remark a few minutes ago," replied Miss MacDowlas, "that her girl looked like a white rose, and I quite agreed with him—but I am fond of her, as I said, and you are not."

Her ladyship shuddered faintly, but she did not make any further comment, perhaps feeling that her hostess was too powerful to encounter.

At midnight the visitors went their several ways, and after they had dispersed and the rooms were left quiet once again, Miss MacDowlas sent her companion to bed, or, at least bade her good-night.

"You had better go at once," she said. "I will remain to give orders to the servants. You look tired. The excitement has been too much for you."

So Dolly thanked her and left the room, but strangely enough Miss MacDowlas did not hear her ascend the stairs, and accordingly, after listening for a moment or so, went to her room door and looked out into the hall. And right at the foot of the staircase lay Dolly Crewe, the lustreless, trailing black dress making her skin seem more white as some pretty face turned half downward upon her arm.

Half an hour later the girl returned to consciousness to find herself lying comfortably in bed, the chamber empty save for herself and Miss MacDowlas, who was standing at her side winding her.

"Better?" she said. "That is right, my dear. The evening was too much for you, as I was afraid it would be. You are not as strong as you should be."

"No," Dolly answered, quietly.

There was a silence of a few minutes, during which she closed her eyes again, but she heard Miss MacDowlas fidgeting a little, and at last she heard her speak.

"My dear," she said, "I think I ought to tell you something. When you fell, I suppose you must somehow or other have pressed the spring of your locket, for it was open when I went to you, and—I saw the face inside of it."

"Grif," said Dolly, in a tired voice, "Grif."

And then she remembered how she had written to him about what this very denouement would be when it came. How strange, how wearily strange it was to think that it should come about in such a way as this!

"My nephew," said Miss MacDowlas. "Griffith Donne."

"Yes," said Dolly, briefly. "I was engaged to him."

"Was!" echoed Miss MacDowlas. "Did he behave badly to you, my dear?"

"No, I behaved badly to him—and that is why I am ill!"

Miss MacDowlas blew her nose.

"How long?" she asked at length. "May I ask how long you were engaged to each other, my dear? Don't answer me if you do not wish."

"I was engaged to him—" faltered the girlish voice—"we were all the world to each other for seven years—for seven long years."

(To be Continued.)

A precautionary measure. Tourist—Landlord, my bill. Landlord (commencing to unroll it)—Jean, bring the gentleman a chair and call the doctor.

Fancies.

Patron (to restaurant waiter—Got any Brie cheese? Waiter (astonished)—Only the pair I've got on, sir.

Critics agree with Dr. Talmadge that scandals should be printed in the smallest type. Why? Because I am an oculist.

"One swallow does not make a summer," but it may have occurred to you that one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs.

Fitz Prude—That woman's dress is simply disgusting. Fitz Dude—My dear fellow, it's the height of fashion. Fitz Prude—It strikes me that the height of fashion gets lower and lower every season.

At Harvard. Stoughton (reading Sophocles)—Just think, old man, the Greeks called this a "lay." Holworthy (who works it with a pony)—Great Scott! It's lucky, Jack, that we didn't get one of their "Works."

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor old cripple. Kind Old Gent (handing him some money)—Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow? Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.

Cubleigh (at the bar of the Queen's as a stranger passes in)—Queeah looking fweak that. What the dayvil is it, hawtendaw? Bartender—That's Capt. Sheatfield. He's stopping here. Cubleigh (horrified)—Good God! Why didn't you tell me befaw? Bartender—Tell you what before? Cubleigh—That Stweatfield was putting up heah. Demmit! and me dwinking bwandy, too. Open me a bottle of Baws, and give it to me in the pewtaw.

"What a triumph for justice!" she exclaimed; "you, of course, have heard of the annex girl who was awarded a prize for an historical essay over a number of Harvard students?" "Oh, yes," he said. "I've heard of it." "Well!" she went on, proudly, "do you know that the papers are all talking about it?" And then she broke off, said, calmly: "The papers wouldn't be all talking about it, you know, if it weren't such an unprecedented thing, and almost certain never to happen again."

He Was At Home.

"Gen I'm'n," said the belated citizen rather thickly to the two friends who were assisting him up the front steps at three a.m., "I dunno w'ther this is my house 'r not. Nansie!" he called out loudly, "ma' dear, are you thic, are you there, m' dear?"

"I am, sir!" answered a cold, metallic voice in the inside, accompanied by a clinking sound, like the rapping of a shovel on the stairway; "I am waiting for you, you drunken beast!"

"Gen'l'm'n," said the belated citizen with dignified solemnity, "this is th' right house! Good mornin'!"

Adorably Simple.

Countess—Should my husband die, perhaps I might be yours.

Baron—Very well, I'll take him to hear "Gotterdammerung."

Countess—I forbid it. Sudden death but not torture.

Baron—Well, "Siegfried," then.

Countess—Oh! That will be nice!

Pride Versus Shame.

Minister (to little boy with a basket of fish)—Little boy, aren't you ashamed to go fishing on the Sabbath day?

Little Boy (lifting the cover of the basket with conscious pride)—Ashamed? Look at them!

Agricultural Athletics.

Aunt Priscilla—You're getting positively lazy, Laura. If you don't care to read, why don't you exercise?

Laura—I am utterly discouraged, Auntie. I sent for a handbook on fencing yesterday, and the stupid book clerk returned a copy of "Wire Barbing for the Farm."

He Got the Old Man's Foot.

Mr. Sharkley—Made a terrible flunk of my last matrimonial attempt—at old Goldbaggie's, you know.

Mr. Sparkley—Ah! asked for bread and they gave you a stone?

Mr. Sharkley—Worse. Asked for the daughter's hand and got the father's foot.

On Probation.

"I hear your father hasn't appeared at any of your big dinners lately, Snapley," observed Bob White the other day. "I hope the old gentleman isn't sick."

"No," said Snap'ey, "he isn't sick. He'll show up later."

"When?"

"When he learns not to call the butler 'sir.'"

Rough on Mr. L—.

She—I enjoy talking to Mr. Litehedde so much! He receives another's ideas so readily.

He—God! I should think he might. He is certainly never crowded with his own.

Not Altogether Invaluable.

A self-important official in the patent office was talking grandiloquently to his chief the other day about his importance to the department.

"Why, sir," he said, "what would happen were I to die some night?"

"Hard to say," replied the chief, "applications for your place inside of twenty four hours," replied the chief, and the subordinate withdrew.

Too Near-Sighted.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"No. I'm near-sighted."

Making Faces Behind His Back.

"I detest him. I never could marry him," said a young girl. "Why, do you know what I call him? I call him 'the little tin mogul.' Oh, dear, no; not to his face, but in my diary. That's where I take all my revenges and have everything out with everybody—in my diary. I find it a great relief."

Stuck for the Oysters.

He had invited her around the corner for some oysters, to which the young lady did full justice, and on the way back to the house he laid bare the pitiful condition of his heart.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Sampson," she said, "but I am ready engaged."

He bowed his head.

"I regret that you are so deeply moved," the girl said gently.

"Ah, yes," he responded, and his voice betrayed genuine grief. "I should have known all this earlier in the evening."

Chicago in 1988.

Mr. A.—It seems to me, Mrs. B., that I have met you somewhere.

Mrs. B.—Why, Harry, don't you remember me? I was your seventeenth wife, and you were my twenty-fourth husband. How foolishly young and inexperienced we were then.

Mr. A.—By Jove, I thought I'd met you before.

Fit for the Position.

Editor—You want a position on the paper as copy reader. What are your qualifications?

Applicant—Well I claim to be able to make out any copy that was ever written.

Editor—On what do you base that claim?

Applicant—I unraveled physicians' prescriptions in a drug store for 'steen years.

Editor—Take that desk there. Here's some Walt Whitman to begin on.

He Resented the Imputation.

Seedy individual—Yes, mum, the winter has been hard on us poor people. That pie is rattling good, mum.

Farmer's wife—You don't look pretty well, that's a fact. What are you? An actor?

Seedy Individual—The bloom may rub off my cheeks, mum; and my looks may not be quite up to the handle, but, thank Heaven, mum, I'm no actor.

He Asked Too Much of Her.

He (her fifth)—My dear, I've just come across an old letter signed "Your affectionate husband, Jack," and I wondered if it could be my old chum, what's his name?

She—Mercy! Don't ask me. Do you suppose I keep a ledger?

Unwise Economy.

First Canaler—Have you bought a horse yet?

Second Canaler—Yes.

First Canaler—How much did you pay for him?

Second Canaler—Five dollars.

First Canaler—Why not pay $8 and get a good one?

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

You will remember I spoke in a former article of the beneficial results to be derived from rubbing the skin with the fat extracted from wool, one effect being the eradication of wrinkles. Let me now recommend for this purpose the preparation called cold cream of wool fat and cucumber.

•

The high classic knot is still the most fashionable style of dressing the hair. A less trying style is to twist it loosely up the back of the head and coil on the crown. A few women may still be seen with the hair brushed tightly back from the face and up from the nape of the neck and fastened with uncompromising severity on the very top of the head. It seems to me that it is the women with the highest cheek-bones and hardest outlines who invariably choose this style, whereas it is only delicate and piquant features which can afford to challenge criticism by the adoption of this coiffure. The frizzled front or bang diminishes every day, in fact it is practically banished in England.

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The transparent gauze, tulle or crepe bonnets are very simple-looking in themselves, but are profusely trimmed with great masses of flowers. White crepe is to be very much used this season for millinery purposes, being generally employed to fill in the space in front of open bonnets or toques. Three cornered hats suit piquant or classic faces, but are very trying to the ordinary irregular style. In every description of the costumes worn by leaders of fashion in London the wide hats seem to stand first in popular favor. It is undoubtedly more picturesque than the small, close fitting turban, though hardly as comfortable on a windy day.

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Costumes after the style of the Directoire and Empire periods are the rage, and speaking of rages let me warn the female public against indulging too freely in the very tempting tints in dress goods which are displayed everywhere, for, since the appearance of the black ballet girl, over whom Paris went mad, fashion has ordained that we shall henceforth array ourselves in garments of the gloomiest and most funeral dye.

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But, dismal as the prospect seems to be, a few rays of light are still left to us. I have not grumbled so much over this edict, since I have had the privilege of seeing an exquisite combination in black and white of silk and gauze. The petticoat of black has stripes of white, on which is a brocaded floral design. The bodice and sleeves are of plain *glace* silk, with long loose puffs of black silk gauze on the sleeves. A drapery of the same diaphanous material is arranged over both back and front of the skirt, the front portion, consisting of one width of the gauze, being fastened under the collar and into the left shoulder seam, carried down over the bust slightly toward the right, confined at the waist by black satin ribbons springing from bows at the side of the waist-band, and after falling softly at the right as low as the hem of the petticoat, is turned upward and tucked under the waist-band, at the left being united to the other portion by a seam in the middle. The whole dress is extremely popular.

•

The endeavor to furnish employment for those who labor at the wretchedly paid and unhealthy occupation of artificial-flower making, has brought to the flowers themselves a flood of popularity. They are massed in great profusion on evening dresses, epaulettes being a favorite mode of trimming the bodice.

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However, to endeavor to outline any style of dress and declare it to be the prevailing mode, would be making a statement which had no foundation. The general fashion is that of individuality, to speak paradoxically. Everybody suits themselves as to fashion, tint and combination and to those who most attractively accentuate their good points and cover over or conceal their defects is accorded the largest meed of praise.

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An innovation is promised in the way of perfumed summer dresses. Toilettes turned out of fashionable dressmaking establishments, in addition to their other charms, are scented by a new process with permanent perfumes to suit their colors; pink dresses have an odor of clover or roses or hyacinths; lilac or heliotrope are odorous of their tints or have an aroma of violets. However pretty the conception, the idea is scarcely likely, for many reasons, to be a lasting one.

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Over £70,000 was realized in London, Eng., at a sale of pictures by lady artists. Why is it that Canadian women are so backward in this respect? Judging from the small number of female artists in Canada, and the large number of girls who profess to paint, one might imagine that their highest conception of art is that it lies in the knack of daubing scraps of silk and velvet with the oft-repeated forget-me-not and rosebud.

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Three of the pictures disposed of at this sale were by Rosa Bonheur. One realized 2,050 guineas, another 1,740 guineas, and still another, measuring only 37 inches by 30 inches, brought the modest sum of 5,550 guineas.

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A small picture by Henriette Brown brought 660 guineas. Surely this happy combination of fame and money ought to give nerve and inspiration to the brains and fingers of my countrywomen.

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Mdme. Claude Vignon, who died at Nice last month, was a person of extraordinary versatility. She was an equally successful sculptor, literary lady, romance writer and journalist. She was the only lady-sculptor represented at the Universal Exhibition of 1867 and as a journalist was a valued contributor to many leading French papers.

•

The Princess Christian is accused of having perpetrated the following little joke. Driving with the Queen recently, her Majesty stopped her carriage and distributed a quantity of silver amongst some children. Princess Christian emptied her purse—which is never any too full—and remarked, laughingly, "See, I am bankrupt." No," said her Majesty, "you have at least one sovereign left." "Oh, yes, mother, but one I could not possibly spare," answered the Princess with ready and affectionate wit. If the story be true, we can earnestly sympathise with the sentiment so quickly expressed, and even if the reverse, much praise is still due the less exalted brain from which emanated the loyal little fiction.

•

Speaking of loyalty, a very exaggerated expression of it is found in the deportment of a small daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Legge (formerly one of her Majesty's maids of honor), who has been trained to drop a reverential courtesy whenever she hears the Queen's name mentioned. However, it speaks well for the regard in which the dear old lady is held by those with whom she may frequently be brought into contact.

•

Her Majesty is particularly fond of bright women. The Duchess of Edinburgh, who is a great chatterbox, is, for this reason, an especially welcome guest at Windsor, although the Princess Christian shares the royal favor on the same score. The Princess of Wales is a great bore to the Queen. This is probably because of her troublesome deafness.

NUOVA AULA.

Close of the Political Ball Season.

In the matter of Temperance legislation the game has been merely of an exhibition character and has resulted in—*nothing*.

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"Now that the session has closed let the Reform Party lose no time in pushing Unrestricted Reciprocity throughout the country. Let Sir Richard give the matter his personal attention and fully introduce it to the farmers. It is bound to take."—*Reform Paper.*

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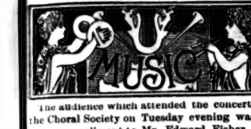

The audience which attended the concert of the Choral Society on Tuesday evening was a proper compliment to Mr. Edward Fisher, its popular conductor. This gentleman has always been industrious, painstaking and patient in his work with the society, and those who have sung so many years under his direction must experience a lively feeling of regret at his expressed intention of closing his connection with the society. A course of work that commenced with Gallia and A Song of Victory, and finished with Costa's Eli, having as larger milestones by the wayside such works as the Messiah, the Creation, Samson, St. Paul, the Seasons, Israel in Egypt, and a host of cantatas and lesser choruses and part songs, cannot but have produced feelings of association and community of interest that will endure and live in the memories of all participants. Mr. Fisher's appearance was the signal for quite an ovation on the part of both chorus and audience, who were indeed liberal in their demonstrations of welcome to all the conductors who graced the scene.

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The chorus numbered about one hundred and eighty, and was in fine form. The tenors and altos were especially good, the former coming out with a grand tone. The basses were good and solid, and the sopranos were strong and full and certain, perhaps not as clear and rich in tone as should be wished. This fine body of voices sang six full choruses with excellent precision and with a fine swing and elasticity of delivery. The orchestra was good in individuals, but was absolutely out of balance, only seventeen strings being placed against fifteen wind and percussion performers. In full passages the strings, with perhaps the exception of the double basses, were almost inaudible. Still, a very pleasing performance was presented of Sig. D'Auria's two compositions. The first of these, his orchestral fantasia, Dominion Day, showed an intimate knowledge of the resources of the orchestra, and the manner in which the theme was distributed and re-distributed among the various instruments produced a fine variety of tone-color.

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The subject title is one which would suggest joyousness and brightness, but I rather fancy that the composer had been reading the Blue Ribbon papers, as he certainly has produced a most sombre representation of our national holiday. The isolation of the strain of God Save the Queen suggests an incomplete acquaintance with the music of our young country, some of which might advantageously have been introduced into a work of so free a form as that of a fantasia. His Gavotte pleased me better, and was airy and graceful, though occasionally it reminds one of the theater orchestra. As a conductor Sig. D'Auria is a picture. Graceful and elegant in his motions, with a quiet force and thorough control of his band, he succeeded in obtaining a precision of attack and cessation that was most pleasing. Mr. Fisher conducted two choruses from the St. Paul, the Inflammatus, and one from Samson, the latter and How Lovely are the Messengers being the best choral work under his direction.

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The Inflammatus, in which the solo was sung by Mme. D'Auria, was a fine effort, but was marred by the inflexibility of the conductor's tempo, the chief effect, that of a tempestuous rush and subsequent retardations in one passage—being lost. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam conducted the Samson chorus, Fixed in His Everlasting Seat, most effectively, the alternation of Israelites and Phillistines being well brought out. Under Mr. Torrington's direction of The Heavens Are Telling, the chorus made its best record for the evening. This number was sung with splendid emphasis and a noble solidity of tone. I was glad to note the influence of heredity in the person of Miss Bradley, who sang the treble in the trio. This young lady has a voice of light but pleasing quality which much resembles that of her mother, and which, with maturity, should strengthen and develop into a fine organ. A chorus for men's voices from Mendelssohn's unfinished Lorely was well done, and had to be repeated. The ladies had their innings in a part song from Schumann's Paradise and the Peri.

•

Mons. Boucher played the first movement from Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, and gave a very effective rendering, evincing great technical and executive resources. Mme. D'Auria's solo was too exacting for her, and her usually pleasing voice showed signs of being over-weighted. Miss Hillary's rendering of the Great Dagon solo was a dignified and correct performance. The other lady vocalist, Miss Bunting, sang the Jewel Song from Faust. She is, I understand, still pursuing her studies, and is a very promising singer. Her voice is of moderate volume, but clear and rich inquality. Her rendition was good, but suffered occasionally from the uncertainty of her accompaniment. Mr. Blight's Why do the Nations was sung with the dash and impetuosity which has connected his name with this selection. I was somewhat interested to observe the gradations in style of the conductors. From the elegant repose of Sig. D'Auria we come to the metronomic stroke of Mr. Haslam, the sweeping curves of Mr. Torrington and finally to the somewhat eccentric and individualistic movements of Mr. Fisher. Of the latter, however, judging by his results, we can say with the American lady who had been to Paree, "*On y errive, tout le meme.*"

•

The season winds up on Monday and Tuesday with the Gilmore Band concerts. With all his envil and cannon attachments the fact remains that those who go to concerts for amusement—and their name is legion—cannot in America find a more thoroughly enjoyable concert than Gilmore provides. METRONOME.

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Our Sporting Column.

The past week has seen little change in the standing of the International Association ball clubs. Syracuse still holds the lead, and it will take a long succession of defeats to compel it to hold other than first place honors. The strength of the Salt City's pitching staff seems to win almost all the nine's victories, although the team, considered altogether, is admirably well balanced. Toronto and Hamilton still battle for second place. No matter what nines defeat the Hams, the Ambitious City representatives always brace up when they come east, and their efforts are usually crowned with success. No one can say that their later victories have been undeserved, but it goes against the grain of the Toronto baseball admirer to have our team, after they have defeated the leaders in a majority of the games played, beaten by a nine which the other association teams consider, or more correctly, affect to consider, easy victims.

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Looking over the files of the daily papers issued in the International Association towns, I have been struck with the particularly rotten way in which they go for their representatives when they are defeated. They are salted in the most thorough and complete manner. When they win great are the jubilations. The Toronto papers do little of this, principally, I think, because their sporting men are what are termed "old heads," and who are little given to enthusing one way or the other. They let Manager Cushman run the team, not proffering advice, which would never be attended to, no matter how much Cushman may appreciated the "power of the press." And when one comes to think of it, there is usually a probability that a baseball manager knows how to run his club just about as well as any newspaper men could do it. There is one paper in the city, the staff of which is much better acquainted with writing up aldermanic "jobs" and school board scandal than baseball matters, but these young gentlemen have taken to scarifying Mr. Cushman and his men without sense or reason. The more notable is this fact when it is remembered that the gentleman who occupies the editorial chair and writes scathing leaders on sewers and block pavements was, before he attained his present exalted station, one of the city's most notorious ball cranks. He was a great admirer of the team and called Mr. Cushman "Cush," by which endearing diminutive it may be judged that he was a particular friend of the gentleman thus honored. Now time and the exigencies of editorial life have placed him beyond the pale of friendship with professional ball players and—his passes have been stopped. Which will be a relief to those who object to running the risk of having their tympanums fractured by the quandam municipal editor's yells.

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Jim McKinley has been signed by Toronto, and makes the second Torontonian on the team. May he do well.

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In the east baseball is booming. Kingston has a bad attack of ball fever and the public is turning out in strength to support the team. From what I can hear the Limestone City is one of the best ball towns in the country, and there should be money waiting for the directors if they can hold on long enough. At Belleville, also, baseball is attracting much attention, and there is every probability that the pretty little city will be represented by men who are all artists in their line.

•

Toronto journalists are going in for diamond work. Their much maligned but valuable assistants the printers should have no difficulty in defeating them, for are they not strong with the stick?

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On Saturday the Toronto Cricket Club gave up part of its grounds as a forum for the trial of the "ball" case, McCarthy v. Moss. Precisely at 3.45 the judge put on the mask. Armour was the first witness in the box. His evidence went to show that he was no pitcher. He got pretty roughly handled, and should have been released before he was. He is now attempting to prove an *alibi*. The judge took everything that was fired at him with the usual alacrity with which they do these things on the bench. The plaintiff Given brought up several balls on *certiorari* and adjourned them into the next lot. Not one plea was struck out. Bailey, the chancellor, and Wright held down their respective sacks ably. Soon after the defence began their case they found themselves out of court though Bailey established his *fus tertii*. The Gait nine worked adroitly, and Spence, with him Harcourt for the infants, the office and elevator boys, caught the ear of the audience. Several fines were inflicted for contempt of court before the latter rose. After resuming there was some more demurring, which was overruled. After a good deal more technical evidence had been adduced, and after several appeals had been disposed of, the matter was referred to Referee Lindsey to take the accounts. He decided that the last five accounts were but repetitions of the first, and that judgment should go for the plaintiffs. Order confirmed without waiting the usual month, and all moneys paid into court as bribes to be paid out, without further order, to the umpire.

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The Queen's Birthday saw the cricket season in full swing. As prophesied—it isn't often a prophecy is fulfilled in modern days, and I want the credit accruing—Toronto had no difficulty in defeating Trinity University, in fact onlookers tell me that the game was very tame indeed. Grout did the lion's share of the bowling, and Wallace Jones and Cameron, upon whom the Trinitarians depended for a large proportion of their runs, did little. The feature of the game—as the baseball men say—was G. N. Morrison's inning for Toronto; and it is to be hoped that "this phenomenon" will see his way clear to taking his old position once more on the green sward. At the Bloor street ground everybody was delighted to see Dyce Saunders, who pluckily took his place in the eleven, although suffering from an injured hand, pile up a very respectable total. The Colts had a grand day of it at Port Hope, where they defeated the School by six wickets with ease. Other games were well attended and contested, and altogether the cricketers enjoyed themselves and the fine weather, as only cricketers can do.

•

Going further from home, we hear that in the States the Halifax cup competition is already under way. Canadian cricketers have been looking, with a good deal of interest, to the results of the American leg-before-wicket rule, which differs materially from that in vogue in England and the Dominion. The rule has been defined often in the daily papers, and I hear that the Americans are thoroughly well satisfied with it. The question now is: Under what rules will the International be played? An arrangement will have to be arrived at as soon as possible. For my part, I consider the *Empire's* suggestion that each eleven bat under the rule in use in its own home, a remarkably good one. Undoubtedly the advantage would be on our side; but I can see no other way out of the difficulty.

•

One very sensible innovation which, last winter, had its birth in the States, was the rule enacting that six balls should constitute an over. By this means the constant changing is lessened to some extent, the fielders have to worked so hard, and the bowler has, to my mind, considerably more chance of getting wickets. The Ontario Cricket Association would do well to adopt a similar rule.

•

On Wednesday I saw Rosedale narrowly escape defeating the Varsity. The collegians seem rather weak this season, both at the bat and in the bowling line, and they certainly have a "tail" of the most pronounced description. Curly McKay is as good a man behind the sticks as the Varsity has had for years.

•

There is no man in Canada who plays more consistently good cricket than Frank Harley of Guelph. This year he is doing great execution with the bat. On the Queen's Birthday he came off wonderfully against Hamilton. He may be expected to make things hot for the opposition bowlers this year. Harley's batting is the more phenomenal when it is considered that he has very little time for practice.

•

I regret to hear that W. W. Vickers has finally decided to give up cricket for the season. His law business will keep him fully occupied. The Toronto Club will greatly miss his valuable services.

•

Cablegrams from Australia tell us that the English Rugby footballers have arrived and have played their first game in New Zealand. The despatches say the Englishmen played a very rough game. Heaven help them if it is so, for the Australians will make common cause and let the visitors see that two can play at that game.

•

It is just a little late to talk of the O. J. C. races, but I must congratulate Secretary Ogden and the other officers of the club on the way with which they carried out the two day's programme. The sport was grand and the enthusiasm unbounded. The bookies had the pull in the betting—as they always have—but had Fred Henry started for the Plate the gentlemen of the pencil would not have been so jubilant.

•

That was a great *coup* of Mr. Smith's in buying Henry. It saved him a cool thousand, and gave him a good horse and an increased reputation for long-headedness.

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For the next week the man who says he won various amounts from $10 to $200 in the Derby sweeps, will be on deck with his annual fables. Nobody believes him, and if it does him any good, he may just as well continue his fabrications.

•

Montreal has had its first six day race and the people of the town don't seem to have taken to the idea to a great extent. The sports were disgusted at the action of the police in closing up the bar and stopping the sale of pool tickets, and the race, although it ended satisfactorily, was a very dismal financial failure.

•

At St. Catharines on the Queen's Birthday, the Ontarios had to play second fiddle to the Athletics. Lack of team play is said to have been the cause of the defeat. If that is so, no one is more capable of remedying it than Dan Rose. The Torontos had little difficulty in beating the Shamrocks, who were in poor condition. To-day the champions go to Paris where they will play the local twelve. The Toronto Club tried what some thought a risky experiment in playing their second twelve against Woodstock on the morning of the 24th but the result showed that the second men were quite able to look after their end of the stick.

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Up in Winnipeg lacrosse is going to be the game this season. The Nineteith Regiment Club and the Garrys are both ready for the fray, and matches with St. Paul and Minneapolis as well as less important engagements, will give the prairie public opportunity of seeing good lacrosse. Even out in British Columbia the lacrosse men from the east are organizing. Hitherto the Columbians have been too very English for anything but cricket, but the netted stick will soon hook itself into their affections.

•

I wonder whether Australian lacrosse has died out? A year ago it was booming, to use a term which has no synonym but which becomes decidedly chestnutty. Lately I see no mention of the game in the Australian sporting papers.

•

Toronto did grandly in the Queen's Birthday bicycle races. Both of the city clubs sent winners to out of town race meetings, and many were the medals and cups brought back by the pilgrims. To none of the competitors is more credit due than to Bert Brown, of the Wanderers', who beat H. P. Davies in the five mile race at Ottawa. Brown is a comparative novice on the race track, but before the snow flies he will show some of the old men some new points in wheel work.

•

Toronto bicyclists are taking much interest in Safety wheels. I hear that no less than fifteen members of the Wanderers' have ordered the latest style of Safeties. The machines were to have arrived this week. With these fifteen riders the Wanderers' will have by long odds the strongest Safety division in America. In the Toronto club the Safety does not seem to be so much affected.

•

Probably there is no sporting organization in the city which manages to enjoy itself more than the Toronto Canoe Club. Many of the members are enthusiastic amateur photographers and bring back with them interesting souvenirs in the way of sun-pictures of scenes caught on their voyages. On the Wednesday before the Queen's Birthday a strong detachment of members, which numbered among others, A. G. McKendrick, W. B. Jacques, G. Sparrow and H. C. McLean, cruised out on the lake shore to the mouth of the Etobicoke river, up which they paddled. A camp was formed and several days spent, the return journey being made on Saturday. A favorite trip of the canoeists is to cruise out to the Humber Sunday morning, dine at Hicks' and paddle up the river as far as possible. The city is reached in time for tea and church.

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Among the rowing clubs there is little doing. The club crews are all putting in hard practice, and the Association Regatta committee is making arrangements for the annual races.

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The grain section of the Board of Trade has formed a baseball club. They are ready to play any other section of the Board, and are ready to bet that they will come out "long."

YAKATERAG.

Our New York Letter.

WALLACK.—Dramatic annals of a new generation, dramatic collectors of a few years hence, will refer to the Wallack benefit as a great event, great especially with reference to the *names* of the performers and the amount of cash returns. Play bills for the evening have already advanced in value with a surprising boom; in fact, before the curtain rang up programmes were being offered by fortunate possessors at prices ranging from fifty cents to three dollars. The latter figure probably stands for the present market value. The papers all published the full cast together, of course, with a sufficient review of the performance and appropriate sketches of the beneficiary. But these records to the true collector have little value; they are vulgar, common, ordinary. The bill of the play savors of the very stage atmosphere; it is suggestive of action, of words, of tones; it is personal in its nature, sympathetic, and carries with it the very glamor of the footlights. Old play bills are, in their enticing interest, like old books, the seeker after either is moved by no specific motive, he flatters his judgment and satisfies his conscience by trying to believe the bill or book essential to his knowledge. Both can generally be had in other shapes, the one in Doran, or Baker, or Ireland, the other digested in modern books. I notice a very general consensus of opinion upon the comparatively disappointing nature of Hamlet played by a great star cast—a very foolish and seemingly thoughtless and unnecessary reflection. A play acted satisfactorily under the forced conditions of this one, is not within the memory of man. Each actor in himself or herself was great, but unity, without which is naught, was wanting. Not through individual conceit, as is usual, but from need of more work together in rehearsal. Booth was Hamlet and Modjeska was a lovely and satisfying Ophelia.

RARE MANUSCRIPTS.—The Grolier Club is made up of gentlemen interested in the preservation and appreciation of literary mementoes in the shape of rare original manuscripts, autographs, prints, portraits, etc. Their rooms are at 64 Madison avenue, and comprise the front and back parlor of a modest old residence on that now most aristocratic of New York streets. One is at once impressed with the passive reserved air of high thinking here, as contrasted with high drinking, a more marked feature of the many expensive and often vicious swell social clubs. There were few visitors the night of my call. The members met a few days ago, and with a generosity worthy of imitation offered the public an opportunity of studying the original letters and pages of manuscript of authors whose printed remains are dear to us all. The first in point of actual value is the original Ben Franklin autobiography, insured for five thousand dollars. This is the property of the Hon. John Bigelow. The poet, R. H. Stoddard, whose verses, I venture to prophesy, will be better known in the future than they are now, exhibits the original Leigh Hunt's Abou Ben Adhem, a page from Oliver Twist, a poem by Walter Savage Landor, and letters of James Hogg, Charles Dickens, Tom Hood, Edgar Allan Poe. One of the most charming, and to me delicious, letters in the collection is one written by W. M. Thackeray to a friend who wrote him, in an apologetic way, for an autograph for a female relative. The request was penned with wide spaces. The answer is on the same page between the lines, and the words are full of the delicate grace that has made all of the Thackeray letters so fascinating. To love Thackeray and to relieve the mind of any sort of tradition of his cynicism, you must read the letters. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on Some Gentlemen in Fiction, in the June *Scribner*, says, referring to Col. Newcome: "If the art of being a gentleman were forgotten, like the art of staining glass, it might be learned anew from this one character." " "I call it a gospel; it is the best I know." A manuscript written on the large pages of an old blank-book in a clear, beautifully distinct and finished hand, which excites one's admiration for its perfect evenness and shows no evidence of any faltering of thought or doubt of expression, is by Gen. Lew Wallace, and the matter is a series of chapters of his first novel, The Fair God. Matthew Arnold's last essay—the one on Milton—is here, and Mr. Gladstone's reply to Ingersoll, written in a way that suggests a sort of Chinese puzzle for the printers who set it up. Grant's Inauguration Speech, in pencil, and a letter of Lincoln's attract much notice. The entire collection is valued at forty thousand dollars.

The coaching parade on Saturday was not a very brilliant affair, owing to the state of the weather. It is hardly needful to particularize the state, as it has been in *statu quo* for some weeks, and we are about to give it up as hopeless. But seven coachers turned out, less than half the usual number, for which, of course, the weather was entirely responsible.

Comic opera, with fleshings, pretty girls *et al.*, has full possession of the public heart now. Sidney Rosenfeld's The Guy, the Tiger, under Col. McCaul, at Wallack's, and The Queen's Mate, under Duff, at the New Broadway, are successes. Erminie, thank goodness, has retired, though I suppose it would have gone on all summer, and profitably, too.

Martinot is not and Marie Jansen is at the Casino, and we are all quite as well satisfied, including, I dare say, the manager, Mr. Aronson. What capricious dears these opera singers are to be sure, their conduct is seemingly above ordinary consideration. A fortune invested in costumes and preparation, six months' preliminary advertising, a moment of irritation, and a hated rival reaping the reward.

Henry James seems to have been surprisingly active of late. Just think of four stories by him in as many months. They are short ones, true, and yet longer than the average short ones. Is this a criterion of his popularity? He is one of the best living novelists, but hardly, I think, now-a-days, one of the most popular. A reaction, more or less potent, has set in, realism has been given a terrible blow by Rider Haggard and company. I look for a revival of Cooper, Bulwer, Ainsworth, Brockelen Brown, Simmes, G. P. R. —— lonely horseman.

J. B. CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1888.

The Mother's Lament.

For Saturday Night.

A young mother's first joys are blest but too brief,
But this yet hath fathom'd the depths of her grief
Or e'er brought relief

To her sore stricken heart, when in life's brightest morn,
Cruel death from her arms her best treasure hath torn,
Her dearest first-born!

When enmared like a bird, all too careless and free,
Struck down in the height of his innocent glee,
A cherub of three.

As she sat by his cot, when he slept his last sleep,
With dull leaden eyes all too weary to weep,
Grief's vigil to keep.

From her white fever'd lips there came many a groan
As she nurs'd in her bosom her sorrow alone,
And thus made her moan!

"How my hungry heart yearns for my angel-boy's love,
Here to nestle once more, my innocent dove!
Alas! flown above.

"I but clutch empty air for his fondest caress,
May a mortal her spirit-child dare dream to bless,
Or an angel address?

"I would know if beyond, in far realms of the blest,
In dwelling celestial, hath he found sweeter rest
Than in this empty nest?

"Can that gaze which so oft from her heart did entrance,
Thrill responsive to some gentle seraph, perchance,
Like a mother fond glance?

"Whose eager ears now drink each soft accent sweet,
Note the fresh playful prattle, watch the flash of his feet,
Whom now do they greet?

"Each bright glance to follow, so quick, frank, yet coy,
Mark his quaint mirthful prank with his favorite toy,
Call mine her dear boy?

"Yet let me but dream, when some softer star beams,
I behold his lov'd smile in its bright fitful gleams,
And dream happy dreams.

"Not long here bereft, bearing life's dreary smart,
Soon to see thee! and know thee, mine still, as thou art,
And nevermore part.

"Till then, all earth's joys can but weary and cloy,
When I clasp thee again—my only true joy,
My own darling boy!

TORONTO. SAMUEL M. JONES.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BIGGAR—On May 25th, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Belleville—a son.

FAIR—On May 26th, the wife of A. D. Kean, barrister, Orillia—a daughter.

BROWN—On May 26th, at 21 Park road, North Toronto, the wife of C. W. Brown—a son.

REYNOLDS—On May 26th, the wife of Edmond J. Reynolds, barrister, Brockville—a daughter.

REID—On May 27th, at 29 Oak street, the wife of Alexander Reid—a son.

BURT—On May 28th, the wife of Walter S. Burn, Hamilton—a daughter.

SHAPTER—On May 27th, at 56 Anne street, the wife of F. Shapter—a daughter.

McMINN—On May 25th, at 102 Rose avenue, the wife of T. J. McMinn—a daughter.

IVENS—On May 19th, Mrs. Richard Ivens—a son.

Marriages.

WEST—BURT—On May 24th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. E. B. Chadwick, A.M., Editor *Canadian Baptist*, uncle of the groom, Albert E. West, to Hattie, third daughter of the late John Burt.

ALLAN—McARTHUR—On May 23rd, at the residence of the bride's mother, Thorold, Ont., by the Rev. J. E. Lancefield, Robert J. Allan (Allan Furniture Co.), Toronto, to Lottie, second daughter of the late George McArthur, Thorold.

SYLVESTER—NURSE—On May 23rd, by the Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Susie, eldest daughter of Edward Nurse of Toronto, to Henry Sylvester of Portland, Maine.

STEVENSON—LEY—On May 23rd, at the residence of the bride's uncle, W. Kendrew, 504 Yonge street, by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, Fred. J. Stevenson to Mary J. Ley, all of Toronto.

Deaths.

LOANE—At Scarboro', Annie Loane, in her 38th year.

ELLIOTT—At Niagara, on May 23, Richard Elliott, aged 84 years.

GILLIES—At Hamilton, on May 26, Isabell McLarren, in her 15th year.

CATHIE—In Stratford, on May 26, Hattie A. Cather, aged 35 years.

SMYLIE—At Hamilton, on May 24, Walter MacCulloch Smylie.

LEMAITRE—On May 23, Annie Mary Elizabeth Lemaitre, aged 14 years and 4 months.

WRIGHT—At "Mountain Home," on May 26, Daniel Wright, aged 59 years and 9 months.

MASON—At Geneva, Switzerland, on May 23, Frederick W. Mason, son of Mr. J. Herbert Mason, aged 27 years.

SUCKLING—At Montreal, on May 25, Mildred Mary Suckling, aged 2 years and 6 months.

PAXTON—On May 29, Hannah Paxton, aged 61 years.

FARLEY—At Grimsby, on May 29, James C. Farley, youngest son of Arthur Farley, aged 24 years.

BOOTH—On Wednesday, May 30, John H. Booth, aged 53 years.

WIGHTMAN—On May 30, Jennie Wightman, aged 24 years.

FERRIER—At Montreal, May 30th, Hon. James Ferrier, aged 89 years.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The farewell greetings vouchsafed the Governor-General by the people of Ottawa were of a remarkably hearty and enthusiastic description. The scene at the station has not been done justice to by any of the reporters of the daily press. The feelings of the people seemed to have no bounds, and they fairly cheered themselves hoarse until the last vestige of the Canada Atlantic train disappeared around the edges of the forest. Lord Lansdowne was not the sort of man who leaps into the affections of a people, but he wore well. The more people saw of him the more they perceived that the man was ever actuated by sincerity and a high sense of duty. He was seen at his best on the platform delivering his reply to the address of the citizens of Ottawa. He seemed to shake off that appearance of nervous embarassment which sometimes almost marred his public utterances. The great crowds, the brightness of the day and the hearty reception accorded him had an inspiring effect and he spoke very well. Lady Lansdowne, too, looked quite happy and went through the ordeal of shaking hands with a couple of hundred men with determined pluck. Her ladyship has not shown herself to be very much enamored of social events. A few friends, her children and a round of charitable institutions in which she took a profound interest were quite apparently of more interest to her than the gubernatorial festivities in which her position demanded that she should join. Nevertheless, though not all that the butterflies of fashion desired, she leaves behind her the reputation of a refined and kind hearted woman.

But little is known so far among the leaders of fashion here of Lady Stanley. His lordship is understood to be the happy possessor of a large family but somewhat straitened income, and the question therefore as to what figure the new Governor will cut as a host and entertainer is a moot point. The advent of a new Viceroy is always, however, matter of great moment in the social world of Ottawa. Those who have considered themselves neglected in the past have always room for hope that the coming master of Rideau Hall will have more discernment than to leave them out in the cold.

The opening up of the river has enabled the inauguration of the season of boating. The first boating party and picnic of the season was that of the Misses Scott which was held up the Rideau river and was a most enjoyable affair, the weather being dry and cool.

CHATHAM.

Mr. J. W. Hamilton, late of Galt, has succeeded Mr. A. Falls as discount clerk in the Merchants' Bank here.

The Queen's Birthday was spent in the usual loyal way by our citizens. There being no attractions of much account at home, everybody seemed to make a desperate effort to get out of town, the majority going to Detroit.

At the large party given at the residence of Mr. J. G. Pennefather, on Tuesday evening, were present: Mrs. Tims, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Craddock, Miss Ireland, Miss Morrison, Miss Waller, the Misses Adam, Miss Maud Rose, Miss Lyons, Messrs. Craddock, Heald Hutchinson, Rowley, Kirkland, Sandys and Cameron, besides many others.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons appeared at Northwood's on May 23, and disappointed a select but small audience, for which she received a severe going over by the editor of our principal local paper. This once great artiste showed no effort to please her hearers on that occasion. Her recitals were hurried through and given with amateurist inefficiency and bad taste.

Mr. Frank M. Maunsell of the Bank of Montreal left on Friday, 1st inst., for Ottawa, where he intends spending his vacation.

FEDORA.

GALT.

The 24th of May, 1888, will long live in the memories of the Galt people as having been one of the happiest celebrations of our Majesty's birthday. The sound of revelry was early heard, and the small boy with his firecracker was like the ghost in Hamlet, *hic et ubique*. The excursion from Toronto brought many cheerful faces to town. Everyone appeared to have doffed care and trouble for the day, and allowed only their happy natures to predominate.

The defeat the Galt Baseball Club obtained from Albany seemed to mar their usual vivacity of spirits. The concert in the evening was largely attended, and never did Galt so thoroughly enjoy itself as on Thursday week.

The 29th Batt., in command of Col. Hespeler, will go into camp on June 19th, accompanied by an efficient band in charge of Prof. de Lima.

Several of the young ladies have during the last few months been hit by Cupid's arrow. Ere long we may have occasion to describe some fashionable weddings.

Miss Lumsden, who has many admirers in Galt, is visiting friends in London.

The farmers have put a stop to people fishing in streams on their property. It now requires as much stealth to evade the hired man as to capture the fish. The ill used trout will now be preserved—for the farmer.

ARIEL.

But It Doesn't Agree With Him.

Young Bloke—I never could drink gin, by Gad!

Old Soak—Pshaw! All imagination. I can drink anything, and I admit that I am fond of anything in liquid shape.

Young Bloke—Are you fond of castor oil!

Old Soak (staggered, but recovering)—Yes, I adore it, but is doesn't agree with me.

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Steamer will leave Yonge street wharf at 7 a.m. for Niagara-on-Lake, Lewiston, Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points east and west. Tickets at all offices of Canadian Pacific Railway; Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge street; A. F. Webster, 56 Yonge street; Gzowski & Buchan, 24 King street east. JOHN FOY, Manager.

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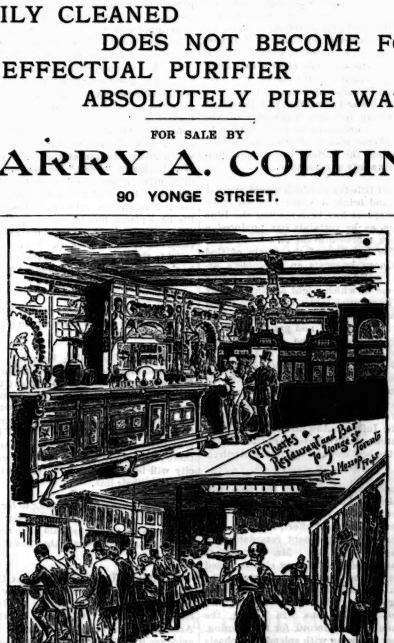

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